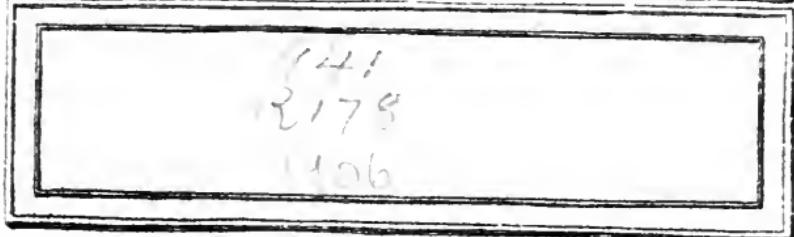
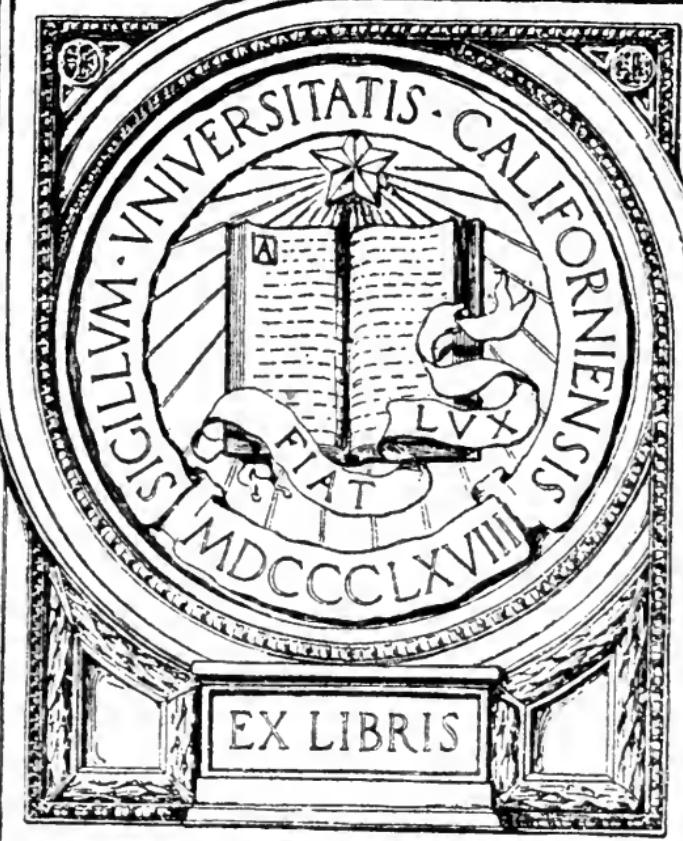


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The Canterbury Poets.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

** FOR FULL LIST OF THE VOLUMES IN THIS SERIES,
SEE CATALOGUE AT END OF BOOK.

POEMS BY ALLAN RAMSAY.
SELECTED AND ARRANGED,
WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE POET, BY J. LOGIE
ROBERTSON, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "HORACE IN HOMESPUN," ETC.

"Come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou needna jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever!"
— BURNS.

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TO THE PRESENT OCCUPANTS
OF
RAMSAY LODGE
THIS EDITION OF
ALLAN RAMSAY'S POEMS
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE EDITOR

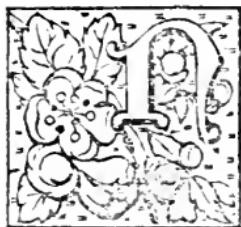
A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

This book, which contains the great bulk of Ramsay's Poems, is believed to contain all of them that are worth preserving.

No liberties have been taken with the text which the most enthusiastic admirer of Ramsay can reasonably object to.

A Glossary has been appended, chiefly for the assistance of the English reader.

Biographical Introduction.



O Scottish poet, Burns alone excepted, is so well or so widely known as Allan Ramsay. Yet there are particulars of some significance in the story of his life on which the popular belief stands in need of correction. It is the common opinion, for example, that Ramsay was a barber, ready to take any rascal by the nose for a penny, and indebted to the semi-public nature of his calling for the rapid growth of his popularity. The fact, however, is that he never lifted razor upon any face but his own, for he was a wig-maker and not a barber, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century the craft of shaving was kept quite separate and distinct from the mystery of periwig-weaving. As a wigmaker in Edinburgh Ramsay durst not

invade the province and practice the art of the barber even if he had felt any such aggressive desire, for the barbers, like other incorporated tradesmen, were an exclusive guild, jealous of their legal rights and privileges. No doubt a well-to-do wig-maker had little, if any, temptation to poach on tonsorial fields: though not quite so high as a surgeon, he still counted himself a cut above a barber; but, not being "free of the craft," to use the technical phrase, he was by a by-law precluded from entering it. It is thus probable that Ramsay had no inclination, as he certainly had no right, to be a barber.

Another popular misconception of our author has reference to his birth. It is supposed that he was of obscure origin, and the son of nobody. Now it is true that that branch of the Ramsay line to which he belonged did, in his own person, temporarily touch the level of poverty, but it is equally true that he had an honourable and honest descent from the family of Lord Dalhousie. Poets are proverbially, but not universally, vain. They are said to be especially susceptible to the vanity of high birth and a good connection. Even Pope, whom we cite as a contemporary and probably a correspondent of Ramsay, longed to establish a connection with the Earl of Doune, and laboured incessantly and, one is almost glad to add, impotently to do so,—for it is safe to say, and need be said in no disparaging tone, that his own genius had the ennobling force of fifty coronets. But Ramsay had no unreasonable pride in his aristocratic connection. He was quite as willing to allude to his trade as

a wig-weaver, and humorously describe himself as a skull-thatcher, as he was correct in calling

“ Dalhousie, of an auld descent,
My CHIEF, my stoup, and ornament.”

His pedigree may be presented as follows:—The chief of an earlier generation of the Ramsays, then styled Ramsay of Dalhousie, had a Laird of Cockpen (not yet known to song) for brother. The laird was father of a certain Captain John Ramsay, whose son, Robert Ramsay, an attorney or writer in Edinburgh, had the good fortune to include the Earl of Hopetoun among his clients. Through his business connection, doubtless, lawyer Ramsay procured for his son and namesake the management of that portion of Lord Hopetoun’s estate which consisted of valuable gold and lead mines in Crawford-moor, a parish in the upper ward or division of Lanarkshire. This manager of the mines was the father of Allan Ramsay, periwig-maker and poet.

These and similar mistakes have grown up within the last hundred years. In that interval old fashions have altered and new attractions have appeared. Burns has risen, and wigs have ceased to be the only wear. And one result is, that many of the facts of Ramsay’s life have been forgotten, and some have been distorted, while even his reputation as a poet is now rather a pious tradition than an intelligent belief.

There can be no doubt that much of Ramsay’s poetry shews genius of a distinctly original type,

and there is scarcely less in the current opinion that an author's work is best appreciated when considered relatively to his life and circumstances. In Ramsay's case the opinion is well-founded, for his personal character, a singularly transparent one, reveals itself with frank and faithful consistency in his writings, and its formation and bent are distinctly referable to his topographical and social surroundings.

In examining these influences, and remarking their play on the development of his character, we shall not expect to find the subject possessed of an interest like that which renders the life of Burns so profoundly fascinating and painfully bewildering. Ramsay's nature had neither the complexity, nor the energy, nor the sensitiveness which give to the personality of Burns an interest independent altogether of his poetry, and perhaps even surpassing it. It presents, on the contrary, no enigma, and, apart from his poetical talent, scarcely rises above the commonplace. There was, however, that poetical talent, and because of it even a commonplace career becomes interesting.

THE little mining town of Leadhills, perched high beneath the bleak summits of the Lowther range of mountains in the extreme south of Lanarkshire, is reported to be the highest inhabited spot in Scotland, the hermitage on Ben Nevis being, of course, excepted. It occupies the southern corner of an equilateral triangle, of which the other two corners are Edinburgh and Glasgow, lying forty miles to the north east and north-west respectively.

The view is northwards down upper Strathclyde, and eastwards over pastoral Peebles, but Dumfries-shire is cut off on the south by the long sweep of the Lowthers, which here attain their loftiest altitude of about three thousand feet. The immediate vicinity is a broken upland of bare hills and gushing streams, and the inhabitants are a community of miners almost exclusively. Both place and people are very much in outward appearance what they were two centuries ago. Here, at an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, Allan Ramsay was born on the 15th of October, 1686, in the house of his father, the manager of the mines.

We have already traced his father's descent from Ramsay of Dalhousie, and it may now be pointed out that, through his grandmother on the father's side, he was no less honourably and closely related with another Scottish family of distinction —the Douglases of Muthill. Of his mother, or her people, we know little. Her name was Alice Bower, and she was an Englishwoman whose father, a stranger, had been brought from Derbyshire to instruct Lord Hopetoun's labourers more fully than they knew in the art of lead-mining. How much of Allan's poetical talent, how much of his vivacity and enterprise was inherited from his mother, it is impossible to say. Allan was still a mere infant when, by the death of her husband at the untimely age of twenty-four, she was left a widow, with probably scanty provision for the future. In these circumstances she accepted an early offer of marriage made by a small local landholder, or

rather peasant-proprietor, of the name of Crichton—and disappears into lowly but comfortable and probably happy obscurity. It was in the house of his stepfather that young Ramsay's childhood and boyhood were spent. When he finally left it he was a youth of fifteen.

It has been surmised, from evidence at once negative and scanty, that young Ramsay's life in the house of his stepfather was an unhappy one. No doubt a stepfather, however exemplary, cannot quite fill the place of a father. But that the boy suffered neither unnecessary discipline nor undue restraint at the hand of his guardian may justly be inferred from the character of his disposition and the extent of his education. The buoyancy and even gaiety of his manner, which, safely based upon a solid stratum of common-sense and kindly humour, was so marked a feature of his whole manhood, would seem to indicate a home-life where the foundation of such a character was possible,—and where we may charitably suppose it was fostered. We can easily conceive of the natural sprightliness of childhood being checked by the slights and severities of an unhappy home, and changed into life-long querulousness or even gloomy moroseness. Young Ramsay was sufficiently long in his stepfather's house for the influences that were there at work to affect his nature, and the absence of any evil effect is creditable to his guardian. As to his education, it was undeniably good, and for the times in which he lived considerably above the average. It may safely be said to have been equal in kind and

range to that of an ordinary country laird's son. We know that it included the Latin grammar, and was liberal enough to enable the young scholar to interpret Horace, and even catch glimpses of the beauty of his style. It was besides sufficient to serve as a basis for such self-culture as enabled him in later life to consort with lawyers and professors, and hold his own in badinage and banter with the wits and wags of the capital.

There was little of the student, however, one may well believe, in young Ramsay. He was not greatly averse to learn, if learn he must, but, after all, the confinement and tasks of a school are as meaningless as they are mostly irksome to healthy boyhood, which, as the adult world seems to forget, lives only in the present, and, denying the future, heartily discountenances all preparation for it. Ramsay's education at the parish school became valuable in his eyes when it became useful to his ambition as a tradesman, a citizen, and a poet ; but in boyhood it was a collection of methods, and habits, and information about which the boy for the most part gave himself as little trouble as possible.

But there are educative agents beyond the walls of the school-room. There is nature, and there is society,—forces all the more effective because they seem to act incidentally. And these, such as they were in the district of Leadhills, provided, during his fifteen years of preparation, by no means the smaller share of young Ramsay's equipment for the journey of life. It was now that he familiarised

himself with nature as she reveals herself in the repose of pastoral hills, the cheerfulness of springing plants and singing birds, the freedom of burns, and the seclusion of glens. It was a close study that he made of her realities, a close study that spared nothing,—as if he would first critically examine before deciding whether she was worthy of his regard. No association, literary or legendary, interfered with his examination. Nature her naked self he studied ; nature herself and for her own sake he loved. It was the same kind of study that Burns half-a-century or so later pursued,—and with kindred effect, a faithful firm-rooted love that needed none of the many-hued lights of romance to give it strength or endurance. Scott saw and worshipped nature through those lights ; but the realism of nature was romance enough for Ramsay and Burns. Human association there was, too, in their prospect of nature, but it was distinctly homely in respect of both place and time : it was the association of humble contemporary life.

Much of his boyhood was necessarily spent in lonely companionship with nature. But he would have his friendships too, and make intimate acquaintance with the simpler forms of social country life. The children of the little mining community in the village were his playmates, and the tradition, slight and solitary though it is, that he occasionally assisted the regular workers with what trifling help a small boy could give in “thrashing” the ore, as it was technically called, need not be rejected as improbable. But there would still be

frequent opportunity of visiting the farm-houses in the district on the invitation of the young rustics whose acquaintance he made at the village school. These visits would introduce him to that harmonious variety of character and manners which we find depicted with such life-like solidity in "The Gentle Shepherd." The scenic setting of that inimitable rural drama must have been largely copied from idealised recollections of his native district, though undoubtedly with modifications suggested by the softer Arcadian beauty of the southern slopes of the Pentlands ; but Glaud and Symon, Patie and Roger, and Peggy and Jenny were certainly the matured and mellowed remembrance of real persons who lived and loved in the end of the seventeenth century among the sheep-farms of upper Clydesdale.

We may picture young Ramsay at this period of his life as a small dark-complexioned boy of slender make, but healthy and agile, and remarkably cheerful and vivacious. Even then he was practising, under disappointment and discomfort, the philosophy which, one may safely say, he had not yet discovered in his school copy of Horace. Here is his own retrospect of those early days :

" Aft have I wid thro' glens wi' chorking feet,
When neither kilt nor plaid could fend the weet ;
Yet blithely wad I bang ootowre the brae
An' stend owre burns as licht as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day."

But boyhood and the freedom of country life for Allan came to an end with the century. The worst

misfortune of his life, the death of his mother, is said to have happened at the same time. This sad event, which threw the care of a family of young children upon the husband, may have hastened the date of Allan's departure from home. He was now in his fifteenth year, and the subject of a "trade" or occupation for him had doubtless been exercising the minds of his parents. It was at last decided, but by what process of judgment we can only guess, that he should go to Edinburgh and learn to make wigs for a livelihood. Mining and farm-work were no doubt considered, and set aside as unsuitable. The other occupations of the village probably offered no attraction. However it came about,—and it is quite possible that the stepfather had some connection with Edinburgh through which the idea of wigmaking came to Leadhills,—it is, in any reasonable view of the case, no proof of the indifference of his guardian as to what became of the lad that he resolved to apprentice him to a wigmaker in Edinburgh. Scotland was not then the commercial and manufacturing country it has become since the union of the Parliaments, and there was for that reason a narrower choice of eligible occupations for a boy in the station of life in which fortune had placed young Ramsay. Then, wigmaking was a thriving business. It was, besides, an occupation for which the boy's slightly-built but active frame and his general smartness seemed to be well adapted. One might almost claim for it the rank of a fine art; and at least it was an art which brought its follower into contact only with genteel company. It had absolutely no

connection with shaving and haircutting in Edinburgh till Ramsay had long ceased to practise it. Allan's own opinion of the business to which he was put apprentice will no doubt suggest itself here, and it will be remembered that he speaks in one of his familiar epistles of being "bred but howe (humble) enough to a mean trade." But this was the opinion of his later life, when he could better estimate his abilities, and with more reason, therefore, claim his deserts. It was, besides, expressed after he had abandoned wig-weaving for what he regarded as the more genteel business of bookselling, and was thus considered comparatively with his relation to literature, as well as sympathetically with the status of his correspondent.

The period of Ramsay's apprenticeship must be passed over for the best of reasons—we know nothing definite of the five or six years to which it probably extended. It is neither known who his apprentice-master was, nor where he lived, nor whether he fell in with any of his own relatives—for connections of lawyer Ramsay's family there must have been, resident at that time in Edinburgh. His companions, his private pursuits, his amusements are matter of speculation. Idle in business, or listless when at leisure, we may be sure he was not. There was much to learn independently of the craft of wig-weaving, and much to interest him in the extreme contrast which his change of scene and manner of life necessitated. Fresh as he was from the remote uplands of southern Scotland, everything at first was of interest to him; social

distinctions were more numerous and more accentuated than he had hitherto known ; character expressed itself differently and in richer variety ; town architecture, town associations and traditions, town life, its habits and fashions, opinions and prejudices, were all equally novel, and to the healthy curiosity of boyhood, equally interesting. The unique scenery of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to the production of which crag and field and sea-arm so peculiarly combine, must have given additional zest to his interest in his new surroundings. In short, it was a new world into which he was suddenly introduced, and the period of his apprenticeship to the craft of wig-weaving was also the period of his naturalisation to city life. During these five or six years he was in a special sense receiving impressions—afterwards, of course, to be increased and perfected, and finally utilised in the composition of poems descriptive of the humours of town life.

Let us suppose that Ramsay's apprenticeship is over. In virtue of that apprenticeship he is enrolled a burgess of Edinburgh. He is possessed of all the pride of a journeyman, more than earning his own maintenance, and anticipating with a double charm—for he has now attained his majority—the responsibility of manhood. He has more time on his hands. He is free of domestic service, and can now saunter of an evening, when work is done for the day, southwards over Bruntfield, where the golfers are driving their balls, to Maggie Johnston's, where there is always blithe company. There he will taste the white ale which

has made the little farmhouse-hostel so famous, and then in the company of a friend return to town before the gates are closed for the night. But now a new influence, the influence of Scottish literature, begins to act upon him. James Watson's *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scottish Poems*, then just published, falls in his way, and many of the pieces, expressed as they are in the current vernacular, awaken in him a strange delight. Robert Sempill's "Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan" is regarded by the young journeyman as perfection, while little inferior is Hamilton of Gilbertfield's poem of "The Last Dying Words of Bonnie Heck." These are his favourites. He commits them to memory, he recites them to his friends, he praises them as worthy of everyone's admiration, and, admiring them greatly himself, wonders if he can imitate them. He is conscious of a command of language, he fears no dearth of subject, and there can be no doubt of the style and stanza to be used—what other than the style of Hamilton and the stanza of "Standard Habbie?" Only he has had no practice yet in versification. Thus the matter of literary composition remains with him for the next four or five years—studying his models, and wondering if he can write, and wishing to try.

Some thirteen years subsequently, when Ramsay's fame had spread beyond Edinburgh, and he had made the acquaintance and received by letter the congratulations of Hamilton, he takes a retrospective view of this period, and acknowledges his obligations in a rhymed reply, as follows:—

“ When I begoud first to cun verse,
 An’ could your Ardry Whins rehearse,
 Where Bonnie Heck ran fast an’ fierce,
 It warm’d my breast :
 Then emulation did me pierce,
 Whilk since ne’er ceast.”

It is characteristic of Burns that love made him a poet, and was his earliest theme. It is no less characteristic of Ramsay that his first inspiration sprang from conviviality, and was dedicated to good fellowship. Twenty when he first began to find delight in reading poetry, he was twenty-five before he ventured on the pains and pleasures of composition. But we had better omit mention of pains in the case of Ramsay, for he wrote, when he did commence, with ready facility—and, it may be added inferentially, with unequal merit. He tells us himself that from twenty-five to five-and-forty his muse was neither “dour nor dory.” He was twenty-five in 1711 ; the first recorded specimen of his versification bears the date of the following year, and is in substance a rhymed petition to the members of the Easy Club for admission to their fraternity. In this address he says, or rather sings, for the verses are lyrical :—

“ Were I but a prince or king
 I’d advance ye, I’d advance ye ;
 Were I but a prince or king
 Sae highly ’s I’d advance ye !
 Great sense and wit are ever found
 Among you always to abound,
 That like the orbs do still move round
 No way constrain’d, but easy.

• • •

Apollo's self unknown attends
And in good-humour re-ascends
The forkt Parnassus, and commands
Your being blythe and easy.
Were I but a prince, etc.

I love ye well—O, let me be
One of your blythe societee,
And like yourselves I'll strive to be
Aye humoursome and easy.
Were I but a prince, etc.

May all you do successful prove,
And may you never fall in love
With what's not firm for your behoof,
Or may make you uneasy!" etc.

The object of this address is characteristic of Ramsay, but the style is not distinctive, and the language is still less so.

To understand this petition it is necessary to know something of the customs and social condition of the time; but we must first give attention to an important event in Ramsay's life of which we are significantly, though only incidentally, reminded by a phrase in the lines we have just quoted. May you, prays our petitioner, may you never fall in love with what's not firm for your behoof! In the very year in which this rather quaint wish for the happiness of a convivial club came from his pen, he was himself deep in love with a young Edinburgh lady of a higher social rank than his own, and not therefore to be won without many intervening doubts to disturb the hopes of the wooer. One is free to suppose that the quaint wish was suggested

by his own circumstances, and probably penned in a moment of suspense when misgiving counterbalanced expectation. Love and friendship were in opposite scales, and the result was for the moment doubtful. Fortunately for Ramsay, the beneficent genius who regulated the whole course of his life did not neglect him now, but with singular favour brought love and friendship together in the same scale—gave him, that is to say, a wife in Miss Christian Ross and membership in the Easy Club at the same time.

An account of the courtship of Ramsay has been published which, though it must be set down as purely imaginary, may perhaps serve to illustrate, and will at all events aid us in realising, this interesting episode in his life. It is conjectured that Ramsay was now a master wigmaker, attempting to gather a business for himself in a shop of his own. He had left the Grassmarket, a short but spacious street under the Castle Rock, in which a doubtful tradition has placed the scene of his apprenticeship and journeymanship, and was now located in the heart of the town at a spot in the long, single, stately street of which Edinburgh then mainly consisted, nearly midway between its two termini—the palace on the plain and the castle in the air, as Robert Chambers has picturesquely put it. Among other customers who found their way to his shop, and whom his agreeable manner and intelligent expression attracted and retained, was a Mr. Ross, one of that class of attorneys in the capital whose legal practice was confined to the inferior courts. The superior grade of attorneys

were the Clerks to the Signet, now represented by the Writers to the Signet, who alone were entitled to conduct cases in the supreme courts of the country. By-and-by, in the freer society of those days, the young wigmaker was introduced at a tea party to the daughter of his patron, with whom he commenced an acquaintance. Ere long it was observed that Miss Ross superseded the servant who had been accustomed to carry Lawyer Ross's peruke to the wigmaker's for its hebdomadal dressing. These visits, at first undertaken for the sake of an occasional half-hour's chat and banter with a young tradesman of superior address and social disposition, rapidly developed a friendship which deepened into a love so genuine and steady that, whatever may have been the surmises of the lovers as to the attitude of the young lady's relations when the secret of their mutual attachment should be disclosed, there was at least no doubt of the young people being loyal to each other. Any difficulty that presented itself to the union of the lovers was speedily overcome. Ramsay may have settled one objection, the objection to his social standing, by a reference to his ancestry, and more particularly to his connection with the legal profession. The question of maintaining a wife would be discussed, and it would be allowed that Ramsay's prospects were fair. Above all, his courteously deferential and yet independent manner, and the charm of his conversational powers, carried him over every obstacle, and, in fine, the marriage took place with the happiest auspices during the festivities that ushered in the new year of 1712.

We may here pause to take a survey of the bridegroom as, standing on the threshold of his door, he bids his wife welcome home, and invites her to the management of his house. His house, be it remembered, is beside his shop on the sunny side of the High Street, and distinguished by the figure of a flying Mercury. In the first place, then, he is considerably under the middle size, being indeed only five feet and four inches high. He is still, as he was in boyhood, of slender make, but neither lean nor unhealthy looking. His figure is in all its parts well-proportioned to his height, and gives a general air of dapper neatness and elasticity even in repose, which is confirmed by his freedom and natural grace of movement. He is of a dark complexion of countenance, but far from saturnine, the general expression, to which the roundness of his face contributes, being that of intelligent good-humour. What he afterwards said of another may here be said of himself :

“ A youth thus blest with manly frame,
Enlivened with a lively flame,
Will ne'er with sordid pinch control
The satisfaction of his soul.”

But Ramsay’s epicurēanism was of a mild and moderate type, well kept in hand by the dictates of common sense. While a certain free-handedness, arising from an original generosity of soul, marked the whole course of his life, sufficient to have excused an occasional excess, he was as far from being the convivial buffoon which the cantankerous

Pinkerton has represented him to be, as he was from being the parsimonious miser who

“ Hell’s ase-midden rakes for gain,
And never kens a blythesome hour,
But, ever wanting, ’s ever sour.”

We may complete this portrait by including the description of his opinions, disposition, and social character which he wrote for the curiosity of an Irish correspondent, six or seven years after his marriage. By that time Fame had set him up as a small world’s-wonder, and his apology for the apparent egotism of being so minute in self-description is that everybody is talking wildly about him, the new wonder—

“ They wha have never seen ’t are busy
Spierin’ what like a carlie is he.”

With respect, then, to the fabric of his mind—

“ Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin’d.
I rather choose to laugh at folly
Than show dislike by melancholy,—
Well-judging a sour heavy face
Is not the truest mark of grace.”

Temperate himself at table, he is no friend to intemperance in others—

“ I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I’m nae fae to wine and mutton.”

He frankly owns his ambition to be a poet—

“ I never could imagine ’t vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious.”

In politics he is no partisan, believing that measures are to be considered on their merits, independently of their Whig or Tory origin. In religion he is no sectarian—

“ Know positively I’m a Christian,
Believing truths, and thinking free,
Wishing thrawn parties would agree.”

He is equally explicit with his private affairs—

“ Born to nae lairdship, mair’s the pity !
Yet denizen of this fair city,
I mak what honest shift I can,
And in my ain house am gudeman,—
Which stands in Embro’s Street, the sun side.
I theek the oot, and line the in-side
O’ mony a douce and witty pass (*head*),
And baith ways gather in the cash.”

Of this union, which was a long and happy one, lasting till the death of Mrs. Ramsay in 1742, eight children, three sons and five daughters, were born, of whom the eldest, the inheritor of his father’s name, longevity, good fortune, and no inconsiderable share of his genius, was born in October 1712.

It is now time to speak of the appearance and condition of Edinburgh in the early part of last century, when Ramsay’s married life and public career were commencing together.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century the capital of Scotland was only a fourth of its present size in respect of population, and considerably less in respect of area. It consisted essentially of one street, a mile in length—then known as the street, or Edinburgh Street—lying along the ridge of a hill

which, culminating in the Castle Rock, extends eastwards with a gradual slope to its termination in the narrow valley beyond which rise the beetling cliffs and green back of Arthur Seat. Branching off from this long city of a single street were numerous short, narrow, dark and winding "closes," as they were chiefly called, which, with the open suburb of the Grassmarket, were of course included in the dimensions of the capital. The city as thus outlined was surrounded by a defensive wall, through which entrance or exit was gained by several fortified gates or "ports." Within the walls the little city literally teemed with a population it could hardly contain. As the population increased the overgrowth descended into cellars and subterranean habitations, or ascended to sixth and seventh storeys, and found harbourage in garrets among the chimney-tops. So confined were the troglodytic part of the population that there was in many cases absolutely not more than just room to turn in, and report speaks of one of those dwellers under the street level having developed a peculiar adaptation of neck, from being obliged to hold his head at an angle, so that he might command a view of the outer world, as he sat in his burrow with his stock of wares around him. The inhabitants of the aerial garrets in the closes looked out upon life in a manner no less peculiar. It was a feature of many of the Edinburgh houses of this time that as they rose in height they extended also in width, so that people inhabiting the upper flats on opposite sides of the same close were brought into easy conversable neighbourhood, while, in the topmost storey

of all, friends might shake hands and Pyramus kiss Thisbe across the narrow abyss. It was not till the century had run half its course that the simmering population rose above the brim and fairly spilled over into the adjacent country.

This pressure of the inhabitants into scanty compass in the first half of the eighteenth century produced a picturesque liveliness in the appearance of the street. It was not only that the architecture was unique, but the character of the crowds also was *sui generis*. All sorts and conditions of people were crammed into narrow limits. Nobles rubbed shoulders with street porters ; ladies of rank gathered in their silks as they swept past the “fisher jades” of Newhaven ; wigged and gowned advocates took snuff with bare-headed tradesmen shouting their wares in front of their booths ; drouthy neighbours met at the long-frequented tavern in the close while St. Giles was sounding the gill-bells at noon ; fools and naturals of various grades and duly differentiated peculiarities moved about, followed by troops of teasing children ; peripatetic vendors of fruit and fish bawled in every variety of key for custom ; the city-guard with their formidable axe-headed spears stalked scowling along the causeway ; ragged “cadies” whisked about the close mouths on secret errands ; grimy coalmen, scented fops, watermen with their glistening barrels, kilted warriors out of employment, chairmen with their delicate freight of age or beauty,—all were there, and formed but a fraction of a constantly-changing scene that daily filled the street of Edinburgh with a lively, noisy, unsavoury,

and picturesque panorama of life which the fancy can hardly realise.

During Ramsay's apprenticeship Scotland possessed an independent Parliament, which necessarily gave greater importance to Edinburgh than she could claim after the Union of 1707. The Supreme Law-Courts, however, remained, and while they were open a vast amount of business was transacted in and about the purlieus of the halls of justice, and an incredible quantity of news, and scandal, and harmless gossip discussed around the walls of St. Giles's Cathedral. The market-cross stood in this locality, and was a rallying-place and rendezvous for busy-bodies, and quidnuncs, and a large host of idlers whose opinions or minds were "*to let*." The space around the cross was also a kind of exchange, where at least the preliminaries of business were gone through. Here, therefore, the stir was greatest, and the scenery of the street most varied and picturesque.

Business lingered on all over the town to a much later period than is customary now, but by eight o'clock every booth was deserted and every shop was closed, and the citizens for the most part gave themselves up to cheap conviviality and pastime for the next hour or two. Almost every tradesman had his favourite place in his favourite tavern, where night after night he met a few friends with whom he cracked a quiet bottle and a canny joke before going home to his family. It was first business, then friendship, and the claims of family after that. Numerous small clubs of inexpensive habits began to be formed early in the century from such a mode

of life, until towards the middle and all through the later portion of the century they seem to have been past counting. They were then founded for the most absurd objects, and on the most frivolous pretexts. There were, for example, the Pious Club, the members of which ate pies together *every* night in a pie-house ; the Industrious Club, whose members met to drink porter at wholesale prices from a stock they laid in for their own consumption ; the Dirty Club, no unit of which was to appear in clean linen ; the Boar Club, which swilled in a tavern kept by Daniel Hogg, and kept its fines in a “pig” ; the Black-wig Club, the Whin-bush Club, etc. In fact, the latter half of last century in Edinburgh was an age of clubs and social sensuality. The earlier, or Ramsay’s half, however, was far less lax, and there were fewer clubs. The puritan rule was still powerful and prevalent, and there was much respect shown, at least outwardly, for a somewhat austere morality. The Sunday, or the Sabbath as it was quite appropriately called, was kept in the letter of the Mosaic law. There were pious prowlers to scout the streets and pounce upon breakers of their version of the fourth command. Their records tell of the rigidity of their righteousness. On one occasion, for example, they silenced a whistling bird in a cage ; on another they confiscated a hot roast to which they were nose-led from the street ! There was no theatre or place of public amusement anywhere in the town. Dancing was immoral, and an institution of the devil—or at least of Herodias, and was therefore to be put down. We are told of

an organised attack with red-hot spits being made upon the door of a room in which dancing was being peacefully practised, to the great terror and danger of the dancers.

Ramsay, directly by his example, and directly and indirectly by his writings, did a great deal to destroy the narrow puritanical feeling which was in the ascendant in Edinburgh when he first came to town. His joyous nature had no sympathy with asceticism, and it was only natural that he should seek out those who were of kindred disposition with himself. Of such there was a goodly sprinkling in Edinburgh even in 1712. There was even an advance party, prepared, in defiance of the attitude of the rigidly righteous, to go to the opposite extreme. These Corinthians were represented by such coteries as the Hell-fire Club and the Horn Order. But Ramsay had really as little sympathy with profligacy as with puritanism. His course all through life was emphatically the use, and neither the abuse nor yet the disuse, of pleasure. He approved of dancing, he believed in theatres. He ate his cakes and drank his ale, and was virtuous ; and called upon others to do, and to be, the same. He was in his own way as effective a moralist, and as happy a humorist, as his English contemporary, Addison, who did more than all the parsons of his time to plant and foster a healthy morality in England. He was a satirist as gentle and as genuine as Chaucer—as coarse, if you will, but also as corrective of the vices of his age.

Ramsay, “the joyous Ramsay,” as Sir Walter Scott has called him, has been so much misunder-

stood that it may be news to some to hear him commended as a satirist and social reformer ;—we will, therefore, call him into court and take his statement on the object of his poetical work from his own lips.

“ I have pursued,” he says, “ these comical characters, having gentlemen’s health and pleasure, and the good manners of the vulgar in view,—the main design of comedy being to represent the follies and mistakes of low life in a just light, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are, that each who is a spectator may avoid being the object of laughter.”

Such was the state of society in Edinburgh in 1712, the year of Ramsay’s marriage, when he presented his petition to the Easy Club and was admitted a fellow. The fellows seem to have been gentlemen considerably above Ramsay’s rank. Ruddiman, the well-known scholar and printer, was one ; Professor Pitcairn was another ; Dr. Abercrombie a third : but most of the members, only twelve in all, were young in 1712. It was ostensibly a non-political club, opposed to every form of fanaticism and zealous partisanship ; but a suspicion got about that its members were favourable to Jacobitism, and the suspicion, whether well or ill founded, was sufficient, shortly after the fiasco of “ the Fifteen,” to break up the club. Ramsay’s connection with this club was in a high degree serviceable to him. It at once developed and directed his poetical talent, and secured him the patronage then necessary for an effective introduction to the public. His manners and

conversation pleased his fellow associates before his literary ability was recognised, and improved so much on more intimate acquaintance that he, along with Professor Pitcairn, was, after a probation of three years, formally declared by the society to be a gentleman by merit. His poetical faculty next drew their attention. He became their laureate, recited to them his compositions, and even recorded their debates in verse : and received every encouragement that their praise could give. Praise was a strong stimulus to such a mind as Ramsay's, and frequent essays at last gave him confidence in his own powers. It was for them he wrote his famous "*Elegy on the death of Maggie Johnston*", a well-known suburban alewife—the poem in which he first discovered his richest vein. When the club was broken up Ramsay continued to rhyme, and found an audience to whom he was already not unknown as a poet in the general public of Edinburgh. His compositions were at first short pieces, hawked about the town, or sold at his shop, for a trifling sum ; and so well did they suit the popular fancy that it became a practice for the citizens' wives to send out for Allan Ramsay's last piece and discuss it with their afternoon tea. In this way many of his humorous satires and realistic descriptions of scenes in low life—such as the "*Elegy on Lucky Wood*," the cleanly alewife of the Canongate, and the two additions to "*Christ's Kirk on the Green*"—first entered the town, and got to be spoken about.

Ramsay created his own audience, and it is wonderful how rapidly it grew and how widely it

extended. There is scarcely any better proof of the accuracy and piquancy of his descriptions, and the thoroughly representative and national character of his sentiments and language, than is afforded by this undeniable fact. It is true there was a small reading public to welcome such a collection as Watson's, and to form such a nucleus as a new and original genius might successfully utilise. But it is just as true that he had no such audience as was waiting in Edinburgh for Fergusson, and in lowland Scotland for Burns. These later singers were indebted to him for several advantages, not the least of which was an audience already familiarised with that freedom of subject and sentiment in which both of them, though in unequal degrees, excelled.

Ramsay's growing fame led to increased productiveness and superior workmanship, and while people of high position in and near Edinburgh began to offer the patronage which Ramsay knew so well how to turn to account and still retain, men of literature, and men friendly to literature at a distance, sought his acquaintance and thought themselves honoured by his correspondence. Among the latter was Hamilton of Gilbertfield, whose "Dying Words of Bonnie Heck" had first inspired Ramsay with a spirit of emulation, and who now addressed eulogistic verses to the risen genius of Ramsay. This gentleman, it may interest some readers to know, had held the commission of lieutenant in Lord Hyndford's regiment, and was, at the time of the correspondence now referred to, living on half-pay and a small independency near

Glasgow ; and it is to his credit that though he was the only contemporary writer of the vernacular at all worthy to be put in competition with Ramsay, he hastened to acknowledge Ramsay's superiority, and that, too, in verse scarcely if at all inferior to Ramsay's own. In his first complimentary epistle he writes :—

“ O fam'd and celebrated Allan !
Reuownëd Ramsay ! canty callan !
There's nouther Hielandman nor Lawlan,
 In poetrie,
But may as soon ding doon Tantallan
 As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunner,
I hae been made to gaze and wonner,
When fra Parnassus thou didst thunner
 Wi' wit and skill ;
Wherefore I'll soberly knock unner
 And quat my quill.”

In his second he exclaims with genuine admiration—

“ How thy saft sweet style
And bonnie auld words gar me smile !
Thou's travelled, surely, mony a mile
 Wi' charge an' cost,
To learn them thus keep rank and file
 And ken their post.”

And in his third, in words which Ramsay himself afterwards characterised as “a succinct cluster of kindly wishes, elegantly expressed with a friendly spirit,” he thus concludes—

“ A’ blessings, Ramsay, on thee row !
 Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
 Until thou claw an auld man’s pow ;
 And, thro’ thy creed,
 Be keepit fra the wirricow
 After thou’s deid ! ”

Correspondence such as this was traditional among the Scottish “Makkars,” and may quite accurately be described as a species of poetical rivalry in which each alternately strove to excel the other in boldness of flight, and freedom and fluency of numbers. “The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy” was an encounter of this sort ; it had really nothing hostile in its motive. Burns would have continued the ancient game with the Lapraiks and local bards of Ayrshire ; but the local bards wisely for their own reputation forbore the contest, and the balls that he threw them were unreturned. This exchange of “rhyming ware” is one of the minor features of Scottish poetical literature ; it may remind the student of English literary history of the wit-combats of the Elizabethans.

While Ramsay’s fame was thus spreading, he was at the same time improving his own acquaintance with English literature by reading the compositions of his contemporaries south of the Tweed. Pope and Addison, Prior and Gay were then the exponents of the French or Artificial school, which was now at the height of its polish and perfection of form. It would have been well if Ramsay had been content to admire those writers, but he took to imitating them, and though his imitations, as such, are by no means despicable, some of them

being really clever, yet they are a poor substitute for what he would have done if he had kept to national themes and used his native speech. For it was in the Scottish language as applied to Scottish themes that his power as a poet lay, and of this he was as clearly conscious as he was conscious of the mission for which that power had been given him. “Sir,” he says —

“Sir, I have sung, and yet may sing,
Sonnets that owre the dales may ring ;
And in gash glee couch moral saw,
Reese virtue and keep vice in awe ;
Mak villainy look black and blue,
And give distinguished worth its due ;—
I have it even within my pow'r
The very kirk itself to scour,
And that you'll say's a brag richt bauld :
But did not Lyndsay this of auld ?
Sir David's satires help'd our nation
To carry on the Reformation,
And gave the scarlet harlot strokes
Mair snell than all the pelts of Knox.”

Ramsay did not exercise his power against the Kirk, but bequeathed the task of scouring it to Burns. We do not quarrel with him for that ; but there were other theines than the Kirk where the satire of exposure would have found ample field, and these he largely neglected, to take lessons at the Artificial school. The influence of that school upon his artistic faculty was indubitably for evil. He seems to have become ambitious of an audience south of the Tweed ; and the tedious “Morning Interview,” the prosy commonplace of “Health,” and sad but unsorrowful “Elegiacs,” were laboriously

penned in the fond expectation that they were the only means of attaining that object. Fortunately his native genius was from time to time strong enough to assert itself, and he lived to know that his fame beyond Scotland rested only upon his Scottish poems.

About the year 1720 Ramsay had produced a quantity of pieces sufficient to fill a book, and these he now set about collecting with a view to publication by subscription. He had only to make known his intention to secure its success. His patrons numbered between four and five hundred, of whom about one-seventh were of aristocratic rank. Among the subscribed names were those of Pope and Arbuthnot, Burchet and Arbuckle, Bennet and Clarke,—names typical of the various classes of men who had a lively interest in Ramsay. Pope's acquaintance had probably come through Dr. Arbuthnot, but Ramsay was not backward in introducing himself to people of weight or wit with whom he wished to stand well. Indeed, his selection of friends and patrons was a species of instinct. It was unerring, and he seriously traced his life-long prosperity to it. When Pope's *Iliad* made its appearance, in 1718, Ramsay procured himself a copy, perused it thrice, and wrote to the translator his opinion of it in a complimentary epigram with which Pope must have been at once pleased and amused. Here it is :

“Three times I've read your *Iliad* o'er: the *first* time
 pleased me well;
New beauties unobserved before *next* pleased me better
 still.

Again I tried to find a flaw, examined ilk a line,—
The *third* time pleased me best of a', the labour seemed
divine.
Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate on dazzling rays to
stare,
Lest I should tine dear self-conceit, and read and write
nae mair."

Burchet is to be remembered as having been for many years Secretary of the Admiralty, and a warm admirer and correspondent and panegyrist of Ramsay. With Arbuckle, too, a gentleman of education belonging to Ireland, Ramsay kept up a familiar correspondence ; while in the Clerks of Pennycuik, and Sir William Bennet of Marlefield, he found patrons of approved local influence, whose hospitality he frequently enjoyed.

Ruddiman printed the collection, which made its appearance in a quarto of four hundred pages in 1721. This edition improved the fortunes of the author by about four hundred guineas, at the same time that it extended and established his name as a true poet. Its complete success renewed and increased his literary industry. He now entered on the career of author, and wigmaking went to the wall. His activity was astonishing—and even his greatest admirers will allow that it might have been restrained and regulated with advantage. He wrote much that rose little, if at all, above the dead levels of mediocrity. "Fables and Tales" were thrown off in 1722, followed before the year was done by a "Tale of Three Bonnets." "The Fair Assembly," a short poem of two hundred lines in praise of dancing, appeared in 1723. 1724 yielded

a triple crop in the “Tea-table Miscellany,” a collection of choice songs, both Scottish and English, published at the commencement of the year, and including much original work ; “Health,” a satirical poem in English, consisting of about two hundred “heroic” couplets ; and the “Evergreen,” a series of Scottish poems purporting to have been written “by the ingenious” before 1600—including, however, the “Vision” from his own pen (a noble composition worthy of his genius), the “Wife of Auchtermuchty,” probably also his, and the well-known magnificent ballad fragment of “Hardy-knute,” by Lady Wardlaw. Much of the “Tea-table Miscellany” had already appeared under the title of “Scots Songs,” and had proved so popular that a second issue was called for in 1719. At last, in 1725, Ramsay gave proof of the justness of his claim upon the future for permanent remembrance by producing his inimitable pastoral comedy, “The Gentle Shepherd.” The study from which this lovely and all but perfect pastoral sprang appeared in the quarto of 1721, where it was entitled “Patie and Roger,” and attracted little attention. A second edition was printed in 1726. In 1727 he collected the poems he had composed since 1721, and published them in May of the following year as a companion volume to the first quarto. He had most of his former subscribers to this volume, and some new names besides. Next year an octavo edition of the second quarto volume was brought out ; and in 1731 the London booksellers published Ramsay’s complete poetical works. Two years later a similar edition came out in Dublin. We

have, however, anticipated the close of Ramsay's active poetical career by three years, and must go back to 1730 to notice that then was published, when the poet was forty-five years old, his last book of original verse. It was a collection of thirty fables.

The long remainder of his life Ramsay surrendered to business and the enjoyment of his literary fame. A great object with him was to prove that a poet might have a practical turn in the conduct of his domestic affairs, and he took no small credit to himself for establishing his point, and succeeding where so many had failed. He belongs emphatically to that class of the poets whose prudence in worldly matters is scarcely inferior to their imaginative genius. His fortune, like that of Chaucer, or Shakespeare, or Pope, or Scott, was the creation of his own hands. We have long thought that Ramsay had much, alike in his genius, his disposition, and his history, that recalls the Father of English verse. Not the least noticeable of those features which were common to the history of both was the calamity which, after a long course of prosperity, threatened, in their advanced years, to overwhelm the peace and prosperity of both. It is with the calamity that overtook Ramsay we have here to deal. Previous to 1726 he had clung to his first residence as a householder in Edinburgh, on the sunny side of the High Street, opposite the entrance to Niddry's Wynd, and had there gainfully followed the industry of wig-weaving, to which he had been bred. It would seem that he had gradually conjoined to

his original calling the business of bookselling, and that, while he found the new occupation more congenial to his tastes, and less humbling to his pride in his intercourse with people of distinction, he happily found at the same time that it was much more lucrative and less laborious. In 1726 he migrated further up the street, to the second floor of a tall building that stood in the middle and along the line of the street, side by side with the Cathedral of St. Giles. His windows looked out on the busiest, as it was the most central, scene of Edinburgh, the space around the old Market Cross. He left his former sign of the Flying Mercury behind him, and set up, as an emblem of the new occupation of bookselling to which he now entirely committed himself, the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden. It was here Gay used to lounge and find amusement in the daily drama of life and character at the Cross, interpreted and illustrated as it was by the humour and satire of Ramsay. In fact, the bookseller's shop became the "howf" of all the wits and half the professional men of Edinburgh. Here Ramsay prospered and was happy, and here he instituted the Circulating Library. He was thus the means of introducing into Edinburgh all the publications of London at a cheap rate, and of giving that impetus to reading and study the fruits of which appeared a generation later in the successful rivalry of Edinburgh with the great metropolis. It is worthy of notice here, as significant at once of his enterprising spirit and his fame, that when Hogarth in 1726 published his *Illustrations of*

Hudibras the twelve plates were inscribed, in a joint dedication, to Allan Ramsay, and that Ramsay gave a bookseller's order for thirty copies. Ramsay, however, was not without his opponents and detractors. Them we may divide into two classes, the "unco guid" and the envious. His joyous nature and genial inmanners were a standing offence to the former, and his prosperity the latter, a small but virulent company, could never forgive. They united their malicious energies to ruin him. They accused him of "debauching the faculties of the soul" of the rising generation "with his lewd books," and predicted as a result the flight of piety from Scotland with a bigoted complacency that shewed how heartily they hoped Heaven would sustain them in the rôle they had assumed. We may laugh at, if we do not pity, their malevolence now, but they were powerful then, and possessed an acting majority in municipal affairs which might be dangerous to Ramsay. Ramsay incurred the danger, and was all but ruined. He proposed to build a winter theatre in Edinburgh, and control the management so that the drama might be utilised in Edinburgh as in other large cities. It was really a disgrace to the citizens that there was no theatre in Edinburgh.

" Shall London have its houses twa
And we be doom'd to nane ava?
Is our metropolis, ance the place
Where lang syne dwelt the royal race
Of Fergus, this gate dwindled doun
To th' level o' a clachan toun,
While thus she suffers the desertion
Of a maist rational diversion?"

With his own money, the savings of his past industry, he erected a theatre in Carrubbers' Close, and it was ready to be opened when the Licensing Act of 1737 gave the magistracy the power (which they summarily exercised) of keeping it shut. The municipal order was heard with delight by Ramsay's enemies ; and the injury it did to his fortunes,—for it was put up at vast expense, and the load of the cost lay on his “single back,”—was followed by such insulting lampoons as the “Dying Words of Allan Ramsay,” a “Looking-glass for Allan Ramsay,” etc. Ramsay sought legal redress, but the lawyers gave him only a fine distinction to console him—he was damaged, they said, without being injured. He tried a petition to the Lord President of the Supreme Court, the famous Forbes of Culloden :—

“ Either say that I'm a faulter,
Or thole me to employ my bigging,
Or of the burden ease my rigging
By ordering fra the public fund
A sum to pay for what I'm bund,—
Syne, in amends for what I've lost,
Edge me into some canny post
With the good liking of our king,
And your petitioner shall—sing.”

He next resolved to make the best of his unfortunate position, and applied himself to his legitimate business. In this he succeeded so well that he soon recovered his loss, and by-and-by so augmented his gains that he shortly found himself not only in easy but even affluent circumstances. He built for himself a villa house of an octagonal shape on a site on the north slope of the Castle hill, which

commands (for the house is still habitable) a wide and romantically varied view of typical Scottish scenery. There he lived for ten years,—“faulding his limbs in ease,” yet still superintending his business in the town, till about 1755. He was then in his seventieth year. He next gave up his shop, and spent the brief remainder of his life in his Bower on the Castle Bank. He describes his feelings on this occasion in a letter to his intimate friend, the laird of Pennycuik—

“ I plan to be
Fra shochling trade and danger free,
That I may, loose fra care and strife,
With calmness view the edge of life,
And, when a full ripe age shall crave,
Slide easily into my grave.”

We have two or three glimpses of him about this time which help us to realise his appearance, his manners, and his feelings during the last portion of his life. He was short and thickset, inclining indeed to corpulence, and wore a short round wig of a light colour, which agreeably became his affable and open countenance. He had a pleasant way with young people, and was a great favourite with them at the juvenile parties which he encouraged his daughters to get up in Ramsay Garden during the last ten years of his life. The members of his own family that survived to his old age, three in number only, greatly increased his happiness by their filial conduct. In their success and welfare, too, he found great pleasure. There had been “no ae wally draigle” among his daughters —they were all, he said, fine girls.

He died, as one inscription has it, “of old age.” But there is no doubt that death was hastened by a scorbutic disease of the teeth. This event took place on the seventh of January, 1758, when the poet was in his seventy-second year. His mortal remains were quietly interred in Greyfriars’ Church-yard, Edinburgh. His son Allan, the well-known portrait-painter to George III., and the two daughters, Christian and Janet, who survived him, inherited the very respectable fortune he had so honourably amassed. The house, Ramsay Garden, remained in the family possession till 1845, when it changed hands at the death of General John Ramsay, the poet’s grandson, and the last of his line.

Ramsay’s death was much but unostentatiously lamented both in social and literary circles. It was followed by, perhaps, the usual number of elegies and memorials. Of the latter the best, as it is the latest, is the marble statue, by Sir John Steell, which was erected beside the monument of Sir Walter Scott in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, about twenty years ago.

In the story of Ramsay’s life, as now related, there are a few noteworthy and significant facts which, on a hasty retrospect, at once take the eye, and which may fitly be brought together in a concluding summary.

And, first of all, with regard to his business affairs :

There is, to begin with, the remarkable success

that attended his industry, and that was distinctly the outcome of his capacity for business. At fifteen, he stood alone in the world, an orphan in a strange city, friendless and penniless, entirely dependent for the means of earning a livelihood on the prospect of being a wig-weaver. He gradually raised himself to a position of honour and wealth, became the associate and friend of some of the most eminent men in his neighbourhood, and the correspondent of several of the leading literary men of his time, gave his son a costly training in art both at home and abroad, and left his children well-provided in an easy independency.

His enterprise is another feature of his conduct. He abandoned the trade to which he had been bred, and by which he was securing an independency, for one of which he had little but an onlooker's knowledge, and found without assistance his advantage in the exchange. Then he was the first to introduce that system of lending out books which is now known as the Circulating Library. He was further the first person to erect a house in Edinburgh for dramatic representations, and though the undertaking failed, and almost ruined him, it failed only through the bigotry and timidity of the city rulers. If the house had been licensed there is no doubt that it would have been both a profitable venture and a liberalising agency.

Secondly, with respect to his disposition and character :

Here cheerfulness is the conspicuous quality, cheerfulness, too, of the manliest type, based upon common sense, brightened by hope, and safe-

guarded by humour. Ramsay was the last man to fold his arms and fall into apathy or despondency when the cloud of adversity lowered. He not only economised (for in all things he was a temperate man, using without abusing) the many varied pleasures of life, but he had a brave habit of persistently looking on the bright side, and making the most of circumstances. Even his satire was cheerful, and he made it a point never to attack individuals, but only actions. If his cheerfulness ran too much to compliment, it must be owned that he never flattered: his eulogy, if it was sometimes mistimed, was never misdirected. The best proof of his cheerfulness, and the most permanent display of it, will be found in his "*Gentle Shepherd*." This charming pastoral play was a rural world of his own creation; of this little world he was the Providence; and from the manner of its government we can argue back to the disposition of its governor, and find in him the union of a healthy cheerfulness and a wise morality. He had enemies, but he did not make them—they were either the fault of the age or the evil growth of his good fortune. He was magnanimous enough, and wise enough, to leave them alone and unanswered—"their malice," as he said "did not move his mood."

Thirdly, with respect to the growth of his poetical faculty:

He found in the scenery and society of his native parish those influences which awaken the slumbering poetic sense, and in Crawford School he acquired a glimmering knowledge both of poetic

sentiment and poetic form, which he could afterwards advantageously recall. When he was about twenty-one, and felt only the pride and not yet the pressure of the responsibility of manhood, he fell in, at that impressionable age, with a collection of Scottish verse which captivated his imagination, and awoke his memory, and finally roused the spirit of poetical emulation within him. Three pieces in this collection, all humorous and all descriptive of such rustic characters and scenes as he was familiar with, he especially admired and sought to imitate—King James's “Christ's Kirk on the Green,” Sempill's “Death of Habbie Simson, the Piper of Kilbarchan,” and Hamilton's “Dying Words of Heck, the Bonnie Greyhound.” These were his first models, and though he did not surpass the first, he speedily improved on the other two. To their influence we trace all that class of his poems which humorously satirise, while they depict, what is known as low life. Then came his experience of club life in Edinburgh, more particularly his connection with the Easy fraternity. Here his knowledge of human nature was widened, and a higher tone—not wholly without a mischievous effect upon his style—imparted to his sentiment; but the great benefit of this connection was the encouragement it gave to his poetical essays, and the stimulus of publication which it promised and provided. Fame, at first local, was the consequence, and with the first taste of it Ramsay's poetical career fairly commenced. The widening notice taken of his compositions brought him into correspondence with

1 *BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.*

English men of letters, and this connection, together with the powerful influence upon his taste and style of the school of poetry that was then fashionable, created within him a desire to be appreciated in England. This desire drove him from his proper field to the cultivation of fashionable subjects and a foreign style, and in this vain pursuit he wasted both time and energy—to some purpose then, perhaps, but to little purpose now. The examination and collection of old but genuine Scottish poetry recalled his efforts to what was after all more congenial to his nature, the composition of poems upon themes of national interest, and expressed in the national language. It was while thus engaged that he produced the “*Vision*,” the most ambitious of all his poems, revealing a sweep of imagination beyond what we usually associate with the power of Ramsay, but disfigured by a grotesque episode, which, though excellent in its way, and indeed quite worthy of Lucian, breaks with ridiculous incongruity the lofty harmony of the composition. But though he thus, at times, flung off the trammels of the Artificial school, its pastorals, then a fashionable form, remained in his memory, and here, he justly thought, was a field in which he might compete with Pope, and, indeed, give him some lessons. He must, however, have the freedom of his own knowledge and his own speech. In this way he discovered the true sphere of his genius in realistic descriptions of rustic manners and rural scenes. All his pastorals are excellent, but the gem of the series, and the gem of his poetry, is the dramatic pastoral of “*The Gentle Shepherd*”—a poem unique

in some respects, and in the true sense original and classical. It is the genuine growth of the Arcadia of Scotland, and more thoroughly and satisfactorily representative of Lowland life and manners than any other poem in the language. Its traditional popularity among the people it describes is the great proof of its truly representative nature.

We have now presented an outline, which might easily be filled in, of the life and circumstances of Allan Ramsay, mainly with the view of showing the development of his poetical faculty and the sources of his inspiration. A flying estimate of his poetry has been occasionally taken in the course of the sketch, but it has been thought preferable here rather to introduce the author, than to criticise his work, and to leave his poems, as here arranged and presented, to the appreciation of the reader.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

EDINBURGH, 1st March, 1886.

1.

PASTORALS.

The Persons.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Feggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*

GLAUD, } *BAULDY, a hynd, engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old woman, supposed to be a witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE—A Shepherd's Village and Fields, some few miles from Edinburgh.

Time of action within twenty hours.

The Gentle Shepherd.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

Beneath the south side of a craigie bield,
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh an' sing.

Time—8 A.M.

PATIE AND ROGER.

Patie. THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
An' puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome is't to see the rising plants !
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants !
How halesome is't to snuff the cauler air,
An' a' the sweets it bears, when void o' care !
What ails ye, Roger, then ? what gars ye grane ?
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate !
 I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
 Corbies an' tods to grien for lambkins blood ;
 But I, opprest wi' never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair o' lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flow'r, an' quit the hive,
 The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfu' queans, or loss o' worldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say ; but it's no easy dene
 By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.
 You hae sae saft a voice, an' slid a tongue,
 That you're the darling o' baith auld an' young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglins cleek,
 An' jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught,
 While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
 Yet I am tall, an' as weel built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye,
 For ilka sheep ye hae, I'll number ten,
 An' should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But aiblins, neibour, ye hae not a heart,
 An' downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
 If that be true, what signifies your gear ?
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care. [smoor'd,

Roger. My byar tumbl'd, nine braw nowt were
 Three elf-shot were ; yet I these ills endur'd :
 In winter last my cares were very sma',
 Tho' scores o' wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,

Less ye wad loss, an' less ye wad repine.

He that has just enough can soundly sleep ;

The o'ercome only fashes souk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs o' mony a loss !
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
An' awn that ane may fret that is nae fool !

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
At the West-port, an' bought a winsome flute,
O' plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virles round ;
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound ;
I'll be mair canty wi't, an' ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool !

Roger. Na, Patie, na ! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast ;
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you an a' your secrets kens ;
Daft are your dreams, as dastly wad ye hide
Your weel-seen love, an' dory Jenny's pride :
Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
An' safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Roger. Indeed, now, Patie, ye hae guess'd owre
true,
An' there is naething I'll keep up frae you.

Me dory Jenny looks upon asquint,
 To speak but till her I daur hardly mint ;
 In ilka place she jeers me air an' late,
 An' gars me look bombaz'd, an' unco blate.
 But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,
 She fled, as frae a shelly-coated cow :
 She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,
 But gecks at me, an' says I smell o' tar.

Patie. But Bauldy looes not her, right weel I wat,
 He sighs for Neps—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna looe her—but, in vain,
 I still maun do't, an' thole her proud disdain.
 My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
 Till he yowl'd sair, she strak the poor dumb tyke ;
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad hae shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my stock an' horn,
 Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldife scorn.
 Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite !)
 O'er Bogie was the spring, an' her delyte ;
 Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she cou'd tell what tune I play'd, an' sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, an' never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
 Saebiens she be sic a thrawn gabbit chuck ?
 Yonder's a craig, sin' ye hae tint a' houp,
 Gae till't your wa's an' tak the lover's loup.

Roger. I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
 I'll warrant death come soon eneugh a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk ! leave aff that silly whinging way ;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I looe as weel
As ye do Jenny, an' wi' heart as leal.
Last morning I was gye an' early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about ;
I saw my Meg came linkan o'er the lee ;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me ;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
An' she was close upon me e'er she wist ;
Her coats were kiltit, an' did sweetly shaw
Her straught bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet-locks hung waving on her cheek ;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear ;
An' oh ! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she cam skiffing o'er the dewy green :
Elythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer ;
But I can guess ye're gawn to gather dew ;
She scour'd awa, an' said, What's that to you ?
Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, an' e'ens ye like,
I careless cried, an' lap in o'er the dyke ;
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She cam wi' a right thieveless errand back ;
Misca'd me first, then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, an' sae did she ; then wi' great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck an' waist ;

About her yielding waist, an' took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, an' never fash your thumb,
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood ;
Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wud.

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, an' hae sic an art
To hearten ane : For now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak you a propine,
(My mother, rest her saul ! she made it fine ;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
Scarlet an' green the sets, the borders blue ;
Wi' spraings like gowd an' siller, crossed wi' black ;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha hae sae kind
Redd up my ravel'd doubts, an' clear'd my mind.

Patie. Weel, had ye there—an'since ye've frankly made
To me a present o' your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours, an' she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't ;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, an' gie's a bonny spring ;
For I'm in tif to hear you play an' sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
 An' see gif a' our flocks be feeding right ;
 By that time bannocks an' a shave o' cheese
 Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please ;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 To season meat wi' health, instead o' spice.
 When we hae tane the grace-drink at the well,
 I'll whistle fine, an' sing t' ye like myself. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A flow'rie howm, between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash an' spread their claes,
 A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
 Its channel pebbles shining smooth an' round :
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean an' clear ;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear :
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 An' Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

Jenny. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
 The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,
 Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's Howe,
 Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow :
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's an' maks a singan din :
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bord'ring grass.

We'll end our washing while the morning's cool ;
 An' when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
 There wash oursells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
 An' sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
 Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 An' see us sae ? that jeering fallow Pate,
 Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, an' out o' sight ;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
 But tell me now, dear Jenny (we're our lane),
 What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain ?
 The neibours a' tent this as weel as I,
 That Roger looës ye, yet ye carena by.
 What ails ye at him ? Troth, between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end ;
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kaims his hair, indeed, an' gaes right snug,
 Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bannet lug,
 Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
 An' spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee ;
 He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
 An' few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair :
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, " How d'ye ? "—or " There's a bonny day."

Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
 Hatred for love is unco sair to bide :
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld :
 What like's a dory maiden when she's auld ?

Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp an' greet ;
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past ;
 An' syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
 Fy ! Jenny, think, an dinna sit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, an' we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himself,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glowsr an' sighs, an' I can guess the cause ;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums an' haws ?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fool's that slav'ry like, an' may be free ;
 The chiels may a' knit up themsells for me.

Peggy. Be doing your wa's ; for me I hae a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh, lass ! how can ye looe that rattle-skull ?

A very deil, that ay maun hae his will.
 We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechting life
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor hae I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
 Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
 There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
 An' what we do, there's nane daur ca' it rude.

He's get his will : Why no ? it's good my part
To gie him that, an' he'll gie me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
An' daut ye baith afore souk, an' your lane ;
But soon as his newfangledness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
An' think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, an' a' the neist he'll flyte :
An' may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick. [move

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
My settled mind ; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want o' him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een :
An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music thro' my heart.
How blythly can he sport, an' gently rave,
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave !
Ilk day that he's alone upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill ;
He is—but what need I say that or this ?
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is !
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure ;
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak an' poor.

Jenny. Hey, *Bonny lass o' Branksome!* or 't be lang,

Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.

O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;

Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,

Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:

To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.

Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,

Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;

The *Deil gaes o'er Jock Walster*, hame grows hell,

An' Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.

Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight

To hear their little plaints, an' keep them right.

Wow ! *Jenny*, can there greater pleasure be,

Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;

When a' they ettle at——their greatest wish,

Is to be made o', an' obtain a kiss?

Can there be toil in tenting day an' night

The like o' them, when love maks care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst o' a',
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,

But little love or canty cheer can come

Frae duddy doublets, an' a pantry toom.

Your nowt may die ;—the spate may bear away

Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay.

The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,

May smoor your wathers, an' may rot your ewes.

A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,

But, or the day o' payment, breaks, an' flees :
Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent ;
It's no to gie ; your merchant's to the bent :
His honour maunna want ; he poinds your gear :
Syne, driven frae house an' hald, where will ye steer ?
Dear Meg, be wise, an' live a single life ;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill luck besa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, an' strive to do their best ;
Nae mair's required ; let Heav'n mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray ;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
Wherfore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart :
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
An' win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, an' some woo,
Shall first be sald, to pay the laird his due ;
Syne a' behind's our ain. —— Thus, without fear,
Wi' love an' rowth, we thro' the warld will steer ;
An' when my Pate in bairns an' gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks an' twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
An' her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg ?

Peggy. Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we :
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
They'll reason calmly, an' wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile :
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', an' secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils thro' wind an' rain,
A bleezing ingle, an' a clean hearth-stane ;
An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak aff ;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
An' serve him wi' the best we can afford ;
Good humour an' white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
An' dosens down to nane, as foul grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld thegither, an' ne'er find
The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom an' bride ;
Nearer an' nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd

An' in their mixture now are fully blest :
This, shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by you !)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield :
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

Peggy. Alake, poor pris'ner ! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air :
Haste, let him out ; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see, the sun
Is right far up, an' we're not yet begun
To freath the graith—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind. [Exit].

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

A snug thack-house, before the door a green ;
 Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen.
 On this side stands a barn, on that a byre ;
 A peat-stack joins, an' forms a rural square.
 The house is Glaud's—there you may see him lean,
 An' to his divot-seat invites his frien'.

Time—11 A.M.

GLAUD AND SYMON.

Glaud. Good-morrow, neibour Symon—come, sit down,
 An' gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town ?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 An' sald your crummock, an' her bassen'd quey.
 I'll warrant ye've cost a pund o' cut an' dry ;
 Lug out your box, an' gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. Wi' a' my heart ;—an' tent me now, auld boy,
 I've gather'd news will kittle your heart wi' joy.
 I cou'dna rest till I cam o'er the burn,
 To tell ye things hae taken sic a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
 An' skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw !—Ah, Symie ! rattling chiels ne'er stand
 To cleek an' spread the grossest lies aff-hand.

Whilk soon flies round, like wild-fire, far an' near ;
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud ; an' I have seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been ;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
An' left a fair estate to save his head :
Because, ye ken fu' weel, he bravely chose
To stand his Liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick ; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right slee begunk,
Restor'd King Charles, an' ilka thing's in tune ;
An' Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That maks me blyth indeed !—but dinna
flaw :
Tell o'er your news again ! and swear till't a'.
An' saw ye Hab ! an' what did Halbert say ?
They hae been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame ;
An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim ?

Symon. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bears, daur nae mair do't again,
An' good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

Glaud. An' may he lang ; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving, wi' a racket rent ;
Nor grumbled, if ane grew rich ; or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claes.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

“ Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak a seat.—
How's a' at hame ?—How's Elspa ?—How does Kate ?

How sells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?"—
And sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, an' glasses clean,
Whilk in our breasts rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en raised!—Dear neibour, will ye stay
An' tak your dinner here wi' me the day?
We'll send for Elspa too—an' upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate an' Roger frae the height;
I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the neist town,
An' bring a draught o' ale baith stout an' brown;
An' gar our cottars a', man, wife, an' wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
For ere yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers, prime an' fat;
A furlot o' guid cakes my Elspa beuk,
An' a large ham hangs reesting in the neuk;
I saw myself, or I cam o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat, that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil, an' ane we'll roast;
An' on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost:
Sma' are they shorn, an' she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice:
Fat are the puddings—heads an' feet weel sung;
An' we've invited neibours auld an' young,
To pass this afternoon wi' glee an' game,
An' drink our master's health an' welcome hame.

Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best :
 Bring wi' you a' your family ; an' then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yoursell, auld birkie, never fear,
 But at your banquet I sall first appear :
 Faith, we sall bend the bicker, an' look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I !—troth I'm younger be a score,
 Wi' your guid news, than what I was before.
 I'll dance or e'en ! Hey, Madge, come forth ; d'ye hear ?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The man's gane gyte !—Dear Symon, welcome here—
 What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste an' din !
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin ! snuff !—Gae break your wheel an' burn
 your tow,
 An' set the meiklest peat-stack in a low ;
 Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see,

Madge. Blyth news indeed ! An' wha was't tald
 you o't ?

Glaud. What's that to you ?—Gae get my Sunday's
 coat ;
 Wale out the whitest o' my bobbit bands,
 My white-skin hose, an' mittans for my hands ;
 Syne frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
 An' mak yoursells as trig, head, feet, an' waist,

As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en,
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest Madge—an', Glaud, I'll o'er the
gate,
An' see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinnin' at the sunnie en',
At a sma' distance by a blasted tree,
Wi' faulded arms, an' hauf-rais'd looks, ye see

BAULDY, *his lane.*

Bauldy. What's this ! I canna bear't ! it's waur than
hell,
To be sae burnt wi' love, yet daurna tell !
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new mawn hay ;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out owre the knows ;
Straughtter than aught that in the forest grows ;
Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines ;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines ;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen !
For Pate looës her—waes me ! an' she looës Pate ;
An' I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow : O ! but ane be a beast,
That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest !

I daurna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy :
It's sair to thole ;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane an' win the other's heart.
Here Mausy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantrips, an' gie me advice :
She can o'er-cast the night, an' cloud the moon,
An' mak the deils obedient to her crune :
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
An' hawks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves ;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow :
Rins withershins about the hemlock low ;
An' seven times does her pray'rs backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom o' black taisd an' snakes :
O' this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
O' ony ane she hates,—an' gars expire
Wi' slaw an' racking pains afore a fire ;
Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
An' yonder's Mause ; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
When ane like me comes rinnin' to the deil.
She an' her cat sit beeking in her yard ;
To speak my errand, faith, amaist I'm fear'd ;
But I maun do't, tho' I shou'd never thrive :
They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A green kail-yard ; a little fount,
 Where water poplin springs ;
 There sits a wife wi' wrinkled front,
 An' yet she spins an' sings.

MAUSE *sings.*

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come ;
Thou may dance an' I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,
An' be a lady o' that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen ?
 Ye lock baith hale an' fere at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
 An' beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
 What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn ?
 Is there nae muck to lead ?—to thresh, nae corn ?

Bauldy. Eneugh o' baith—but something that
 requires

Your helping hand employs now a' my cares.

Mause. My helping hand ! alake ! what can I do,
 That underneath baith eild an' poortith bow ?

Bauldy. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

Mause. O' what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest? [an' fell,

Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise
Ye'll maybe tak it ill gif I should tell.

Mause. What souk say o' me, Bauldy, let me hear ;
Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

Bauldy. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane tawks about ye, but a flaw.

When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn ;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;

When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame ;
When Tibby kirn'd an' there nae butter came ;

When Bessy Freetock's chuffly-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane ;

When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
An' tint himself amang the snaw ;
When Mungo's mare stood still, an' swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night ;

When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green ;
An' Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen :
You, Lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,
An' ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about ;

An' sae they may that mint to do ye skaith ;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :
But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,
An' if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then, I like Peggy.—Neps is fond o' me.—
 Peggy likes Pate ;—an' Pate is bauld an' sree,
 An' looës sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, an' then
 Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest o' men.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right ;
 Sae gang your ways, an' come again at night :
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple thing prepare,
 Worth a' your pease an' grots ; tak ye nae care.

Bauldy. Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can
 find :

But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind ;
 Syne rain an' thunder, maybe, when it's late,
 Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.
 We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
 O will ye come like badrans for a jest?
 An' there ye can our different 'haviours spy :
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you an' I.

Mause. It's like I may—but let nae on what's past
 'Tween you an' me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka night to France. [Exit *Bauldy*.]

MAUSE, *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake ! when poverty an' eild,
 Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely bield,
 Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should, in a twitch,
 Gie ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch*.
 This fool imagines, as do many sic,
 That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick ;

Because by education I was taught
 To speak an' act aboon their common thought.
 Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear ;
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here ;
 Nane kens but me ;—an' if the morn were come,
 I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
 Pate and his Peggy meet ;
 In love, without a vicious stain,
 The bonny lass and cheerfu' swain
 Change vows an' kisses sweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

Peggy. O Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay ;
 We're baith cry'd hame, an' Jenny she's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon, now we're alone,
 An' Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane ;
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alone themsells, I judge, as we.
 Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
 Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How saft the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds !

Peggy. The scented meadows,—birds,—an' healthy breeze,

For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind ;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull an' blind ;
Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek an' breast the finest flow'rs appear.
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
Or riper berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree
Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

Peggy. But, Patrick, for some wicked end, may
fleetch,
An' lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I daurna stay ; ye joker, let me gang :
Anither lass may gar you change your sang :
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
An' wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap :
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield their fleece,
Ere aught by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will
swear,
An' be mansworn to twa in hauf-a-year.

Now I believe ye like me wonder weel ;
 But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
 Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
 How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change ; ye needna fear ;
 Tho' we're but young, I've looed you mony a year.
 I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
 Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
 O' a the bairns, an' led thee by the hand,
 Ast to the tansy knowe, or rashy strand,
 Thou smiling by my side :—I took delyte
 To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white ;
 O' which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plet the flow'ry belt an' snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the
 hill,
 An' I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
 To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
 When at the buught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Patie. When corn grew yellow, an' the heather-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on the muir an' rising sells,
 Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubl'd me
 Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
 stane,
 An' wan the day, my heart was flight'rin' fain ;
 At a' these sports thou still gie joy to me ;
 For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

Patie. Jenny sings saft the *Broom o' Cowdenknowes*,
 An' Rosie lilts the *Milking o' the Ewes* ;

There's nane like Nancy *Jenny Nettles* sings ;
 At turns in *Maggie Lauder*, Marion dings :
 But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The Boatman, or the *Lass o' Patie's Mill*,
 It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;
 Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lasses trow what they desire !
 An', roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire ;
 But wha looers best, let time an' carriage try ;
 Be constant, an' my love shall time defy.
 Be still as now ; an' a' my care shall be
 How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

Patie. Were thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
 That little better than our nowt behave ;
 At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe ;
 Be blythe for silly heghts, for trifles grieve :—
 Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true ;
 But thou, in better sense without a flaw,
 As in thy beauty, far excels them a' :
 Continue kind, an' a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed.—But hearken ! yon's auld aunty's cry,
 I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

Patie. An' let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiss,
 Or five-score guid anes wadna be amiss ;
 An' syne we'll sing the sang, wi' tunefu' glee,
 That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire.

Patie. Weel, I agree.

PATIE sings.

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
An' rowing een that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as weel as I,
You're made for love, an' why should ye deny.*

PEGGY sings.

*But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, an' syne the wooing's done :
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard an' sour.*

PATIE sings.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the trce,
Their sweetness they may tine ; an' sae may ye.
Red-cheeked ye completely ripe appear,
An' I hae thol'd and wo'd a lang half-year.*

PEGGY, singing, fa's into PATIE'S arms.

*Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good an' a',
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
An' mint nae farer till we've got the grace.*

PATIE, wi' his left hand about her waist.

*O charming armfu' ! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day :
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, an' quickly rise ;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day !
An' if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
An' tent a man whase beard seems bleach'd wi' time,
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean ;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht ! it is the Knight in mascurad,
That comes, hid in his cloud, to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, ance delightfu' groves.

Time—4 P.M.

SIR WILLIAM, *solus.*

Sir Wil. The gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands ;
The casements all broke down—no chimney left—
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft—
My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
That, with each rainy blast, decaying falls—

My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet ;
Where, round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks :
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacinths or eglantines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful to the use :
All round in gaps, the walls in rubbish lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd ; and now my joy
Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair :
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free ;
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A calm contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.
Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;

All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.

[*Exit Sir William.*

SCENE II.

It's Symon's house, please to step in,
An' vissyt round an' round;
There's nougnt superfl'ous to gie pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet a' is clean—a clear peat-ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green-horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
On shelfs foreagainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,
Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, an' tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young oursells—I like to see
The bairns bob round wi' other merrylie.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
An' better looks than his I never bade;
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
An' tells his tale the clev'rest o' them a'.

Elspa. Poor man ! he's a great comfort to us baith ;
God mak him guid, an' hide him aye frae skaith.

He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
That gae us nae vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en ;
An' troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As weel ye ken—a bonnier needna be,
Nor better, be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, Glaud ! I doubt that ne'er will be a
match ;
My Patie's wild, an' will be ill to catch ;
An' or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools myself.

Glaud. What reason can ye hae ? There's nane, I'm
sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor ;
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her, as my ain Jenny, kind.
Fourscore o' breeding ewes o' my ain birn,
Five kye, that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride ;
By an attour, gif my guid luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
An' twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What maybe is nae fit ye yet shou'd hear.

Symon. Or this day aught-days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't—come, gie's the other bend ;
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*

Symon. But, will ye tell me, Glaud ; by some it's said,

Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallen-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, an' bedded on dry hay ?

Glaud. That clatterin' Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen :
He tents our loofs, an' syne whups out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, an' gie's our brows a look ;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is grey, an' lang an' grey his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in ; we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gae hungry by my house the day :

[*Exit Jenny.*]

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my grey mare.

Glaud. Spae-men ! the truth o' a' their saws I doubt ;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

JENNY returns, bringing in SIR WILLIAM ; with them
PATIE.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle, here tak a seat.

Sir Wil. I gie ye thanks, goodman, I'se no be blate.

Glaud [*drinks*]. Come, here's t'ye, friend—How far
cam' ye the day ?

Sir Wil. I pledge ye, neibour, e'en but little way :
 Roustoned wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang :
 Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
 An' tak sic bed an' board as we can gie.

Sir Wil. That's kind unsought.—Well, gin ye hae a
 bairn
 That ye like weel, an' wad his fortune learn,
 I shall employ the farthest o' my skill
 To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon [*pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad :—alake !
 I hae nae mae,

Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae. [ye sneer ?

Sir Wil. Young man, let's see your hand ; what gars
Patie. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Wil. Ye cut before the point ; but, billy, bide,
 I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Betouch-us-too !—an' well I wat that's true ;
 Awa, awa, the deil's o'er grit wi' you ;
 Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
 Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir Wil. I'll tell ye mair ; if this young lad be spar'd
 But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird ! Hear ye, goodman—what think ye
 now ?

Symon. I dinna ken ! Strange auld man, what art
 thou ?

Fair fa' your heart, it's guid to bode o' wealth ;
 Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health ;

[*Patie's health gaes round.*

Patie. A laird o' twa gude whistles an' a kent,
 Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
 Is a' my great estate—an' like to be :
 Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your
 hand,
 Aft times as broken a ship has come to land.

[SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE's hand, then
 counterfeits falling into a trance, while they
 endeavour to lay him right.

Elspa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or possest
 Wi' some nae good, or second-sight, at least :
 Where is he now?

Gland. He's seeing a' that's done
 In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon. [here!]

Elspa. These second-sighted souk (his peace be
 See things far aff, an' things to come, as clear
 As I can see my thumb.—Wow! can he tell
 (Speer at him, soon as he comes to himself)
 How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves,
 An' speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better ;—Elspa, haste ye, gae
 An' fill him up a tass o' usquebae.

SIR WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.

A Knight that for a Lyon fought,
 Against a herd of bears,
 Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
 In which some thousands shares.

But now again the Lyon rares,
 And joy spreads o'er the plain :
 The Lyon has defeat the bears,
 The Knight returns again.
 That Knight, in a few days, shall bring
 A shepherd frae the fauld,
 And shall present him to his king,
 A subject true and bauld.
 He *Mr. Patrick* shall be call'd :—
 All you that hear me now,
 May well believe what I have tauld,
 For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon an' weel ;
 But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the deil,
 To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep ;
 Or, do you get them tauld you in your sleep ?
Sir Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
 Nor come I to read fortunes for reward ;
 But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
 That all I prophecy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophecyng fouks are odd kind men !
 They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
 The whimpaled meaning o' your unco tale,
 Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir an' dale.

Claud. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
 An' taks't for gospel what the spaeman gives
 O' flawing fortunes, whilk he ev'ns to Pate :
 But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht ! doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Weel be't sae, friend ; I shall say naething
mair ;

But I've twa sonsy lasses, young an' fair,
Plump ripe for men : I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

Sir Wil. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent :
I hae but anes a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Symon. Elspa, cast on the clraith, fetch butt some
meat,
An' o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm an' fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
Wi' you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire :—
An', Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire ;—
We'll but gae round the place, an' soon be back,
Syne sup together, an' tak our pint an' crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, an' see the young anes play :
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be grey.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Jenny pretends an errand hame;

Young Roger draps the rest,

To whisper out his melting flame,

An' thow his lassie's breast.

Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet:

See, Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER AND JENNY.

Roger. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t' ye, wad ye let;
An' yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. An' what wad Roger say, gif he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, an' langing een.
An' I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en an' morn.
Ah! cou'd I looe ye less, I'd happy be;
But happier, far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. An' wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Roger. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Hae win your love, an' near your heart may lie.

Jenny. I looe my father, cousin Meg I love;
But, to this day, nae man my mind cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me,
An' frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again; What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain? I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free; Wha kens but ye may rue, an' pity me?

Jenny. Ye hae my pity else, to see you set On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget. Wow! but we're bonny, guid, an' ev'ry thing; How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing! But we're nae sooner fools to gie consent, Than we our daffin an' tint pow'r repent: When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame, Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when, for sake o' gear, Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare: Or when dull parents bairns together bind, O' different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind. But love, true downright love, engages me, (Tho' thou shou'dst scorn) still to delyte in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooers' lips can fa'! But girning marriage comes an' ends them a'. I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise, An' soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies. I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear, An' soon in mossy puddles disappear! The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile; But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light, The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night. I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain, Increase, an' join the ocean without stain:

The bridegroom may be blythe, the bride may smile ;
Rejoice thro' life, an' a' your fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but sure ye lang wad love main-tain,

The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain :
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I looed your company ;
An' ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now ! o'er happy ! haud my head !
This gust o' pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms ! or strike me ! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love ! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss ! we'll kiss the sun an' starns away,
An' ferly at the quick return o' day !
O Jenny ! let my arms about thee twine,
An' briss thy bonny breast an' lips to mine.

Jenny. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gies way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to looe me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf an' dumb ;
There sall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If ye agree wi' me to lead your life.

Jenny. Weel, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent,—he'll hardly say ye nae ;
Ye hae what will commend ye to him weel,
Auld fouks, like them, that want na milk an' meal.

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,

As mony newcal in my byars rout ;
 Five packs o' woo I can at Lammas sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell :
 Guid twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
 Wi' meikle care, my thirsty mither made.
 Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house an' tight
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me a', whilk now gies joy to me,
 Because I can gie a', my dear, to thee :
 An' had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
 My love an' a' is yours ; now haud them fast,
 An' guide them as ye like, to gar them last,
Jenny. I'll do my best.—But see wha comes this
 way,
 Patie an' Meg ;—besides, I mauna stay :
 Let's steal frae ither now, an' meet the morn ;
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal o' scorn.
Roger. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-
 pool,
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool :
 Keep tryst, an' meet me there ;—there let us meet,
 To kiss, an' tell our love ;—there's nought sae sweet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

This scene presents the knight an' Sym,
 Within a gall'ry o' the place,
 Where a' looks ruinous an' grim ;
 Nor has the baron shawn his face,
 But joking wi' his shepherd leal,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

Sir Wil. To whom belongs this house so much decay'd ?

Simon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws o' nature did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, *now he's come hame.*

(Sir William draps his masking-beard ;
 Symon, transported, sees
 The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,
 An' grasps him round the knees.)

My master ! my dear master !—do I breathe
 To see him healthy, strong, an' free frae skaith !
 Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants' sight !
 To bless his son, my charge, the warld's delight.

Sir Wil. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
 A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy :

I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise ;
 Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
 And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your strict command
 Was the first lock——neist, my ain judgment fand
 Out reasons plenty——since, without estate,
 A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks bauch an' blate.

Sir Wil. And often vain and idly spend their time,
 Till grown unsit for action, past their prime,
 Hang on their friends—which gives their souls a cast,
 That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Symon. Now, weel I wat, Sir, you hae spoken true ;
 For there's laird Kytie's son, that's looed by few ;
 His father steught his fortune in his wame,
 An' left his heir nougħt but a gentle name.
 He gangs about, sornan frae place to place,
 As scrimpt o' manners as o' sense an' grace,
 Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
 That are within his tenth degree o' kin :
 Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
 To his ain family as to gie him trust.

Sir Wil. Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
 Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,
 Unworthy bare reflection.—*Symon, run*
 O'er all your observations on my son :
 A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
 But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his praise, the largest simmer day
 Wad be owre short, cou'd I them right display.

In word an' deed he can sae weel behave,
 That out o' sight he rins afore the lave ;
 An' when there's ony quarrel or contest,
 Patrick's made judge to tell wha's cause is best ;
 An' his decreet stands guid—he'll gar it stand—
 Wha daurs to grumble, finds his correcting hand ;
 Wi' a firm look, an' a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir Wil. Your tale much pleases—My good friend,
 proceed :

What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Symon. Baith wonder weel ; for, troth ! I didna spare
 To gie him at the school eneugh o' lair ;
 An' he delytes in books—he reads an' speaks,
 Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words an' Greeks.

Sir Wil. Where gets he books to read ? and of what
 kind ?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
 port,
 He buys some books o' hist'ry, sangs, or sport ;
 Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
 An' carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakespeare, an' a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks, an' ca's them best o' men.
 How sweetly Hawthornden an' Stirling sing,
 An' ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' weel, an' gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made owre great a phrase
 About fine poems, histories, an' plays.

When I reprov'd him ance, a book he brings,
"Wi' this," quoth he, "on braes, I crack wi' kings."

Sir Wil. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear—
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa hauf read, hauf spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's oursell.

Sir Wil. Well jested, Symon.—But one question more
I'll only ask ye now, an' then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
Has no young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears; but now hae nougnt to fear,
Since like yourself your son will soon appear.
A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' thae charms,
May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave command;

Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress :
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can ken that is nae downright me.

[*Exit Symon.*]

SIR WILLIAM, *solus.*

Sir Wil. When the event of hope successfully
appears,

One happy hour cancels the toil of years ;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream ;
When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,

Only in little breakings shows its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine :
Thus education makes the genius bright. [Exit.]

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset.—Enter Mause and Madge.

Time—9 P.M.

MAUSE AND MADGE.

Madge. Our laird's come hame ! an' owns young Pate
his heir !

Mause. That's news indeed !

Madge. As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nieves in length, an' white as driven snaw,
Amang us cam, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled out a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fixt on Pate his een ;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains an' skill wad naething hae.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, an' ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, an' haud out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo
Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his mow,
When he, to drown them, an' his hips to cool,

In simmer days slides backward in a pool :
 In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
 Without the help o' conjuring or spell.
 At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pou'd aff his beard to Symon : Symon knew
 His welcome master ;—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, an' syne, for blytheness, grat.
 Patrick was sent for ;—happy lad is he !
 Symon tauld Elspa, Elspa tauld it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon :
 An' troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himself.
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae, wha kens ? an' may be no :
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain ;
 Ev'n kings hae tane a queen out o' the plain ;
 An' what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense ! love tak root, but tocher guid,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, an' ane o' gentle bluid !
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be ;
 But siccans ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain :
 Yonder he comes, an' wow but he looks fain !
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her ! slaverin' doof ; it sets him weel
 To yoke a pleugh where Patrick thought to teel.
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

Mause. Ye'd be as doryt in your choice as he ;
 An' sae wad I. But whisht ! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY, singing.

*Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass myself ;
Ye're a bonny lad, an' I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.*

I trow sae !—Lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mause. Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?

Bauldy. Faith, unco right :

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. An' wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask ?

Bauldy. To find out that is nae difficult task :

Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, an' Sir William's heir.

Now, now, guid Madge, an' honest Mause, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me,
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove,
Less willfu', an' ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness, an' the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn :

Fy ! Bauldy, blush, an' vows o' love regard ;
What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd ?

The curse o' heav'n hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty o' sic sinsfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae grey a gate ;
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wate.

Bauldy. Sae grey a gate ! mansworn ! an' the rest !
Ye lied, auld roudes,—an', in faith, had best

Eat in your words ; else I shall gar ye stand,
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand ! ye shevelling-gabbit
brock ;

Speak that again, an' trembling, dread my rock,
An' ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn.—I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness, too, he ca'd me bonny names,
An' should be serv'd as his guid-breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog !—

[*Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—*
MAUSE endeavours to redd them.

Mause. Let gang your grips ; fy, Madge ! howt,
Bauldy, leen :

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,
It's sae daft like.

[*BAULDY gets out of MADGE's clutches with a
bleeding nose.*

Madge. It's dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapt tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young ;
They're aulder yet than I hae married been,
An', or they died, their bairns' bairns hae seen.

Mause. That's true ; an' Bauldy, ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge aught but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, an' noddle find the same.

Madge. Auld roudes ! filthy fallow ; I sall auld ye.

Mause. Howt, no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm; I see the lad looks wae. [spite:

Bauldy. In troth now, Mause, I hae at Madge nae
But she abusing first was a' the wyte
O' what has happen'd; an' should therefore crave
My pardon first, an' shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
An' own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health an' gear,
Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.

Vow, an' lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him deil; he's o'er lang out o' hell.

Bauldy. [running off.] His presence be about us!—
curst were he

That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee. [Exit.

Madge. [laughing.] I think I've towz'd his harigalds
a wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly.—I commend ye for't;
His bluiding snout gae me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that scant o' grace,
An' breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, an' wadna stand
To lend him, in this case, my helping hand.

Madge. A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
An' leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, an' feeble joints like mine,
 Obliges fouk resentment to decline ;
 Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
 Wi' cunning can the lack o' pith supplie.
 Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
 Syne bad him come, an' we should gang to wark :
 I'm sure he'll keep his tryst ; an' I cam here
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. An' special sport we'll hae, as I protest ;
 Ye'll be the witch, an' I sall play the ghaist.
 A linen sheet wund round me like ane dead,
 I'll cawk my face, an' grane, an' shake my head.
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae ; for see, it's hard on night,
 The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 An' the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
 While guid Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leal,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, an' tak fareweel.

PATIE AND ROGER.

Roger. Wow ! but I'm cadgie, an' my heart loups light :
 O, Mr. Patrick ! ay your thoughts were right :

Sure gentle fousk are farer seen than we,
That naething hae to brag o' pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—an' nae mair scorn.
I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again ;—
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I wooed, nor wooed in vain. [day

Patie. I'm glad to hear't—But O ! my change this
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
An' an estate that lifts me boon the lave.
Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confess,
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth ;
Who set too soon!—An' while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, an' this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail ,
That speechless lang, my late kend sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd,
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I myself, wi' rising raptures, found
The happy son o' ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard !—Too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear :
Which he forbids.—Ah ! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :
But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty, an' haflen reason, plead his cause :
 But what cares love for reason, rules, an' laws ?
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
 An' part o' my new happiness repels.

Roger. Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won :
 Your Peggy's bonny ;—you're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows, an' stronger ties o' love ;
 An' frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
 I'll wed nane else ; thro' life I will be true,
 But still obedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our master an' yoursell to stay
 Amang us here ?—or, are ye gawn away
 To London court, or ither far aff parts,
 To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts ?

Patie. To E'nburgh straight, to-morrow we advance ;
 To London neist, an' afterwards to France,
 Where I maun stay some years, an' learn to dance,
 An' twa three ither monkey tricks.—That done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
 Then it's design'd, when I can weel behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For twa-three bags o' cash, that, I wat weel,
 I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Roger. *They wha hae just eneugh can soundly sleep ;*
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.—
 Guid Maister Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought, at night's the
 same :

The poor an' rich but differ in the name.
 Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
 Frae 'boon the lift :—without it, kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
 When we but pick it scantly on the bent :
 Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, an' red wine,
 Guid cheer, an' witty friends, whene'er ye dine ;
 Obeyasant servants, honour, wealth, an' ease :
 Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

Patie. Sae Roger thinks, an' thinks nae far amiss ;
 But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.
 The passions rule the roast ;—an', if they're sour,
 Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.
 The spleen, tint honour, an' affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
 The gouts an' gravels, an' the ill disease,
 Are frequentest wi' souk o'erlaid wi' ease :
 While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish, an' halesome air.

Roger. Lord, man ! I wonder ay, an' it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
 How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad hear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear ?

Patie. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some
 skill,
 Thae best can teach what's real guid an' ill.
 Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes o' cheese,
 To gain thae silent friends, that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, an' ye sall tell me whilk to buy :
 Faith I'se hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my kye.

But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

Patie. Then here it lies :—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, an' she shall be my bride :
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep ye the secret close, an' leave me here ;
I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy. [Exit *Roger.*

Patie [solus]. Wi' what a struggle maun I now
impart
My father's will to her that hauds my heart !
I ken she looës, an' her saft saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
O' disappointment.—Heav'n support my fair,
An' let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red !—

Enter PEGGY.

—My Peggy, why in tears ?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears :
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I daurna think sae high :—I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his a' like to be lost ?
Like to be carried by some reever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend thae plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own :
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate : come kiss thy cares away ;
I ken to love as weel as to obey.
Sir William's gen'rous ; leave the task to me,
To mak strict duty an' true love agree.

Peggy. Speak on ! speak ever thus, an' still my grief ;
But short I daur to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire ;
Then I, poor me !—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate ;
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blythe shepherd that excell'd the rest :
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang :
Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play,
An' rin hauf breathless round the rucks o' hay ;
As aft-times I hae fled frae thee right fain,
An' fa'n on purpose, that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,
To watch an' stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gie me ease—
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
An' warst o' ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife !

Patie. Sure Heav'n approves ; an' be assur'd o' me,
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee :

An' time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 An' I maun leave my Peggy an' this isle ;
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
 The fair foundation o' our faithfu' love.
 If at my feet were crowns an' sceptres laid,
 To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid !
 For thee I'd soon leave thae inferior things,
 To sic as hae the patience to be kings.—
 Wherefore that tear ? believe, an' ca'm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, an' nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst ; but now I see
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 Wi' patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear ;
 An' a' the while I'll study gentler charms
 To mak me fitter for my traveller's arms ;
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
 An' will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
 Where I may manners learn.

Patie. That's wisely said,
 An' what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
 Tho', without a' the little helps o' art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart ;
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend ;
 Affect at times to like the thing we hate :

An' drap serenity to keep up state ;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 An', for the fashion, when we're blythe, seem wae ;
 Pay compliments to them we aft hae scorn'd,
 Then scandalise them when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still—but I'll be aught wi' thee.

Patie. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes ; for still, amangst the best,
 Good manners gie integrity a bleeze,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since wi' nae hazard, an' sae sma' expense,
 My lad frae books can gather siccán sense ;
 Then why, ah ! why should the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, an' frighten me ?
 Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
 For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve ;
 Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love ;
 But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast
 In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. Wi' ev'ry setting day an' rising morn,
 I'll kneel to Heav'n an' ask thy safe return.
 Under that tree, an' on the Suckler-brae,
 Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin an' play ;
 An' to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, an' I as eithly trow'd,
 I'll asten gang, an' tell the trees an' flow'rs,
 Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Patie. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,

A shining ringlet o' thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample o' each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, an' wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
I'd gie the best I cou'd wi' the same ease ;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fa'en to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it nae ; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime :
Love's safter meaning better is exprest
When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest. [Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy stares like aue possest,
 An' roars up Symon frae his kindly rest ;
 Bare-legg'd, wi' night-cap, an' unbutton'd coat,
 See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.

Time—Daylight next morning.

SYMON AND BAULDY.

Symon. What want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
 While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r ?
 Far to the north the scant approaching light
 Stan's equal 'twixt the morning an' the nigh'.
 What gars ye shake, an' glow'r, an' look sae wan ?
 Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

Bauldy. O len' me soon some water, milk, or ale,
 My head's grown dizzy—legs wi' shaking fail ;
 I'll ne'er daur venture out at night my lane ;
 Alake ! I'll never be myself again.
 I'll ne'er o'erput it ! Symon ! O Symon ! O !

[*Symon gives him a drink.*

Symon. What ails thee, gowk ! to mak sae loud ado ?
 You've wak'd Sir William—he has left his bed—
 He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd—I hear his tread.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Wil. How goes the night? Does daylight yet appear?

Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;

But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest;
He's seen some witch, or warsled wi' a ghaist.

Bauldy. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth it's very true,
An' I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir Wil. [smiling]. I lang to hear't.

Bauldy. Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead o' doing me guid,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid!)
Rais'd up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, an' face as wan as death;
Upon me fast the witch an' it fell baith,
An' gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I us'd to be at school.
My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,
I pithless grew wi' fear, an' had nae houp,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, hauf dead wi' anger, fear, an' spite,

Crap up, an' fled straught frae them, Sir, to you,
Houping your help to gie the deil his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt,
Till, in a fat tar-barrel, Mause he brunt.

Sir Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted
be ;

Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey ;
But first I'll Roger raise, an' twa three mae,
To catch her fast, e'er she get leave to squeel,
An' cast her cantrips that bring up the deil. [Exit.

Sir Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
hurt,

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is, thro' want of education, blind !

Symon. But does your honour think there's nae sic
thing

As witches raising deils up thro' a ring,
Syne playing tricks ? a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp ;
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like bawty, baudrans, or a sow :
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride ;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,

To drink their leader's health in France or Spain :
 Then oft, by night, bombaze hare-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and stools.
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich ;
 But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 An' lives a quiet an' very honest life ;
 That gars me think this hobbleshew that's past
 Will end in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Wil. I'm sure it will :—but see, increasing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night ;
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 Wi' a blue snood, Jenny binds up her hair :
 Glaud, by his morning ingle, taks a beek,
 The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek ;
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
 An' now an' then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD, JENNY, AND PEGGY.

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
 Ye dinna use sac soon to see the light.

Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To tak your leave o' Patrick or he gang :
 But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,
 That he poor landwart lasses will regard ?

Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
 He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
 But yesterday, he gae us mony a tug,
 An' kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, an' he'll do't again ;
 But be advis'd, his company refrain :
 Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
 Wi' her to live a chaste an' frugal life ;
 But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, an' brag o' being a rake.

Peggy. A rake ! what's that ?—Sure, if it means
 aught ill,
 He'll never be't, else I hae tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nougnt o' the affair ;
 Ane young, an' guid, an' gentle's unco rare.
 A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
 To do what like o' us thinks sin to name :
 Sic are sae void o' shame, they'll never stap
 To brag how often they hae had the clap.
 They'll tempt young things like you, wi' youdith flush'd,
 Syne mak ye a' their jest whan ye're debauch'd.
 Be wary then, I say, an' never gie
 Encouragement, or bound wi' sic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, an' o' gentle blood ;
 An' may na Patrick, too, like him, be good ?

Glaud. That's true ; an' mony gentry mae than he,

As they are wiser, better are than we,
 But thinner sown : they're sae pust up wi' pride,
 There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
 That shaws the gate to heav'n.—I've heard myself,
 Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, an' hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father ! heh ! that's very odd,
 Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt ! why, they neither doubt, nor judge,
 nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear ; but curse, debauch, an' drink :
 But I'm nae saying this, as if I thought
 That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid ! Na, he kens better things :
 But here comes aunt ; her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye ; we're a' sent for o'er the
 gate,
 To hear, an' help to redd some odd debate
 'Tween Mause an' Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
 At Symon's house : the knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff ;—Madge, lock the outer
 door,

An' bring the lasses wi' ye : I'll step before. [Exit.

Madge. Poor Meg ! Look, Jenny, was the like e'er
 seen ?

How bleer'd an' red wi' greeting look her een !
 This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
 To strut a gentle spark at E'nburgh cross :

To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword an' glancing-headed cane ;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, an' kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay ;
To leave the green-swaIRD dance, whan we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg ! maun wi' the shepherds stay,
An' tak what God will send, in hoddern-grey.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn :

It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now, since he rises, why shou'd I repine ?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine ;
An' then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, troth !—But we delay ;
Prin up your aprons baith, an' come away. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud, an' Mause,
 Attend, an' wi' loud laughter hear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :
 For now it's tell'd him that the taz
 Was handled by revenfu' Madge,
 Because he brak guid-breeding's laws,
 An' wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON,
 GLAUD, BAULDY, AND MAUSE.

Sir Wil. And was that all?—Well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter, to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd,
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
 An' ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
 I kendna that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel ;
 But, troth, I was e'en doilt to seek the deil :
 Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a slee an' a revengefu'—,
 An' that my *some-place* finds—but I had best
 Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the *ghaist*,

An' the young bonny *witch*, whase rosy cheek
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir Wil. [looking at Peggy.] Whose daughter's she
that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown ?
How sparkling are her eyes ! what's this ? I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud ?

Glaud. Sir, she's my niece,—
An' yet she's not—but I shou'd haud my peace.

Sir Wil. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean ?
She is, and is not ! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear
What I hae kept a secret thirteen year—

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.
Sir Wil. Speak soon ; I'm all impatience !—

Patie. Sae am I !

For much I hope, an' hardly yet ken why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey.—
This *bonny foundling*, ae clear morn o' May,
Close by the lee-side o' my door I found,
A' sweet an' clean, an' carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds, o' rich an' gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake ?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young ? for she appear'd to me
 Only about twa towmards auld to be.
 I took her in my arms ; the bairnie smil'd
 Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild,
 I hid the story : she has pass'd sinskyne
 As a poor orphan, an' a niece o' mine :
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
 For she's weel worth the pains that I hae tane.
 Ye see she's bonny ; I can swear she's guid,
 An' am right sure she's come o' gentle bluid ;
 O' wham I kenna.—Naething I ken mair,
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir Wil. This tale seems strange !

Patie. The tale delights my ear ! [appear.

Sir Wil. Command your joys, young man, till truth

Mause. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush ;

Peggy may smile ;—thou hast nae cause to blush.

Lang hae I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth gie way ;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,

The best an' nearest friend that she can claim :

He saw't at first, an' wi' quick eye did trace

His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Wil. Old woman, do not rave—prove what you say ;

It's dang'rous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have

To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave ?

But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,

I every thing that looks like reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd ! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*

Mause. Sir, view me weel ; has fifteen years sae plow'd

A wrinkled face that you hae aften view'd,
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,
Wha nurs'd her mother that now hauds my hand ?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gie, if you demand !

Sir Wil. Ha ! honest nurse, where were my eyes before !

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more ;
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind ?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*
Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece ; truth must prevail,
But no more words till Mause relate her tale.

Patie. Guid nurse gae on ; nae music's hauf sae fine,
Or can gie pleasure like thae words o' thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang ; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, o' which they're now possest :
All this to me a confident confest.

I heard, wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour, the floor I saftly prest,

An' staw the sleeping innocent away,
 Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
 A' day I hid me ;—whan the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.
 Afraid of being found out, I, to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
 An' took a neibourin' cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, an' Symon, may
 Remember weel, how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

Glaud [wi' tears of joy happen down his beard].
 I weel remember't : Lord reward your love !
 Lang hae I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

Patie. It's now a crime to doubt ;—my joys are full,
 Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
 Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,
 An' blame me not for rushing to her arms.
 She's mine by vows ; an' wad, tho' still unknown,
 Hae been my wife, whan I my vows durst own.

Sir Wil. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my
 care,
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
 Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
 With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*

Patie. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir Wil. [*raises them.*] I give you both my blessing ;
may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
While I'm hauf dizzy wi' the blest surprise.
An' am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much gen'rous kindness had ?
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be ;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie :
The estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your honour now will tak amends
O' them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peggy. To me the views o' wealth, an' an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate :
For his sake only, I'll ay thanksfu' bow
For sic a kindness, *best o' men*, to you.

Symon. What double blytheness wakens up this day !
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, an' gar prepare
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles ev'ry brow ;

Our looks hing on the twa, an' doat on you :
 E'en Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
 Fell Madge's taz, an' pawky Mause's plot.

Sir Wil. Kindly old man ! remain with you this day !
 I never from these fields again will stray :
 Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
 And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear :
 My father's hearty table you soon shall see
 Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty
 year !

New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
 T' enjoy their ain, an' raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing ?
 What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' very Madge I'm
 'greed,
 Altho' they skelpit me when woodly flied :
 I'm now fu' blythe, an' frankly can forgive,
 To join an' sing, "Lang may Sir William live."

Madge. Lang may he live :—an', Bauldy, learn to
 steek
 Your gab a-wee, an' think before ye speak ;
 An' never ca' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
 This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,
 An' brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
 O' our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn !

Peggy. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—

An', my guid nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures o' this happy day
Does fully a' I can require repay.

Sir Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to
you,
And to your heirs, I give, in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord o' Heav'n return your honour's
love,
Confirm your joys, an' a' your blessings roove!

[*Fatic, presenting Roger to Sir William.*

Futie. Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet (Jenny, think na shame),
Rais'd, an' maintains in him a lover's flame.
Lang was he dumb; at last he spak an' won,
An' hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face o' discontent. [crave,

Sir Wil. My son's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and, while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain. [say,

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can we
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?

Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.
 Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,
 An' still our master's right your bus'ness mak.
 Please him, be faithfu', an' this auld grey head
 Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was guid o' speaking a' my days,
 Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise ;
 But for my master, father, an' my wife,
 I will employ the cares o' a' my life.

Sir Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
 Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild ;
 And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
 Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
 Now all's at right, who sings best, let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest shou'd obey ;
 I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

Sings to the tune of "Corn-riggs are bonny."

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy :
His shape is handsome, middle size ;
He's comely in his wauking :
The shining o' his een surprise ;
It's heav'n to hear him tauking.

*Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Whare yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spak,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd an' vow'd he wad be mine,
 An' loo'd me best o' ony ;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 O corn-riggs are bonny.*

*Let lasses o' a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting ;
 Since we for yielding were designed,
 We chastely shou'd be granting.
 Then I'll comply an' marry Pate ;
 An' syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.*

[*Excunt omnes.*

END OF GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Ricky and Sandy.

Ricky. WHAT gars thee look sae dowf, dear Sandy,
say?

Cheer up, dull fellow, tak thy reed, an' play
My apron deary,—or some wanton tune :
Be merry, lad, an' keep thy heart aboon.

Sandy. Na, na, it winna do ! leave me to mane ;
This aught days twice o'ertell'd I'll whistle nane.

Ricky. Wow man ! that's unco sad—Is't that ye'r jo
Has ta'en the strunt ? Or has some bogle bo,
Glowring frae 'mang auld wa's, gi'en ye a fleg ?
Or has some dauted wedder broke his leg ?

Sandy. Naithing like that, sic troubles eith were
born ;
What's begles, wedders, or what's Mausy's scorn ?
Our loss is meikle mair, an' past remead ;
Edie, that play'd an' sang sae sweet, is dead.

Ricky. Dead ! say'st thou : Oh ! haud up my heart,
O Pan !

Ye gods, what laids ye lay on feckless man !

Alake ! therefore, I canna wyte ye'r wae ;
 I'll bear ye company for year an' day.
 A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,
 Or hounded colly o'er the mossy bent :
 Blythe at the buught, how aft hae we three been ;
 Heartsome on hills, an' gay upon the green.

Sandy. That's true indeed ! but now thae days are
 gane,

An', wi' him, a' that's pleasant on the plain.
 A simmer-day I never thought it lang,
 To hear him mak a roundel or a sang.
 How sweet he sung, where vines an' myrtles grow,
 O' wimpling waters which in Latium flow.
 Titry, the Mantuan herd, wha, lang sinsyne,
 Best sung, on aiten reed, the lover's pine ;
 Had he been to the fore now in our days,
 Wi' Edie he had frankly dealt his bays.
 As lang's the warld shall Amaryllis ken,
 His Rosamond shall echo thro' the glen ;
 While on burn-banks the yellow gowan grows,
 Or wand'ring lambs rin bleating after ewes,
 His fame shall last ; last shall his sang o' weirs,
 While British bairns brag o' their bauld forbears.
 We'll meikle miss his blythe an' witty jest
 At spaining time, or at our Lammas feast.
 O Richy, but it's hard that death ay reaves
 Away the best souk, an' the ill anes leaves.
 Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye'r springs,
 Upon ye'r edge nae mair the shepherd sings.

Ricky. Then he had ay a guid advice to gie,

An' kend my thoughts amraig as weel as me :
 Had I been thowless, vexed, or oughtlins sour,
 He wad hae made me blythe in hauf an hour.
 Had Rosie ta'en the dorts—or had the tod
 Worry'd my lamb—or were my feet ill shod,
 Kindly he'd laugh, when sae he saw me dwine,
 An' tauk o' happiness like a divine :
 O' ilka thing he had an unco skill.

He kend, be moon-light, how tides ebb an' fill ;
 He kend—what kend he no? E'en to a hair
 He'd tell, or night, gin neist day wad be fair.
 Blind John, ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase,
 How the ill sp'rit did the first mischief raise :
 Mony a time, beneath the auld birk-tree,
 What's bonny in that sang he loot me see.
 The lasses aft flang down their rakes an' pails,
 An' held their tongues, O strange ! to hear his tales.

Sandy. Sound be his sleep, an' saft his wak'ning be ;
 He's in a better case than ye or me :
 He was o'er guid for us—the gods hae ta'en
 Their ain but back—he was a borrow'd len'.
 Let us be guid, gin virtue be our drift,
 Then may we yet forgerther 'boon the lift.
 But, see, the sheep are wysisg to the cleugh ;
 Thomas has loos'd his ousen frae the pleugh ;
 Maggy by this has bewk the supper scones ;
 An' nuckle kye stan' rowting on the loans :
 Come, Richy, let us truce, an' hameward bend,
 An' mak the best o' what we canna mend.

From "Keitha."

RINGAN AND COLIN.

Ringan. She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill,
An' a' she gae, she gied it wi' guid will ;
Fu' mony, mony a ane will mind that day
On which frae us she's ta'en sae soon away ;
Baith hynds an' herds, wha's cheeks bespak nae scant,
An' thro' the howms cou'd whistle, sing, an' rant,
Will miss her sair, till happily they find
Anither in her place sae guid an' kind.
The lasses, wha did at her graces mint,
Hae by her death their bonniest pattern tint.
O ilka ane, wha did her bounty skair,
Lament, for gen'rous Keitha is nae mair.

Colin. O Ringan, Ringan ! things gang sae unev'n,
I canna weel tak up the wili o' Heav'n.
Our crosses teughly last us mony a year,
But unco soon our blessings disappear.

Ringan. I'll tell thee, Colin, my last Sunday's note,
I tented weel Mess Thomas ilka jot.
The pow'rs aboon are cautious as they're just,
An' dinna like to gie owre meikle trust
To this inconstant earth, wi' what's divine,
Lest in laigh damps they shou'd their lustre tyne.
Sae let's leave aff our murmuring an' tears,
An' never value life by length o' years ;
But as we can in guidness it employ,
Syne wha dies first, first gains eternal joy.
Come, Colin, dight your cheeks, an' banish care,
Our lady's happy, tho' wi' us nae mair.

Robert, Richy, and Sandy.

Recitative.

ROBERT the Good, by a' the swains rever'd,
Wise are his words, like siller is his beard ;
Near saxty shining simmers he has seen,
Tenting his hirsle on the muirland green ;
Unshaken yet wi' mony a winter's wind,
Stout are his limbs, an' youthfu' is his mind ;
But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see
Him sae cast down ; ye wadna trow it's he.
By break o' day he seeks the dowie glen,
That he may scowth to a' his mourning len' :
Nane but the clinty craigs, an' scroggy briers,
Were witnesses o' a' his granes an' tears.
Howder'd wi' hills a crystal burnie ran,
Where twa young shepherds fand the guid auld man :
Kind Richy Spec, a friend to a' distrest,
An' Sandy, wha o' shepherds sings the best ;

Wi' friendly looks, they speer'd wherfore he mourn'd,
He rais'd his head, an' sighing, thus return'd :

Robert. Matt! poor Matt!—My lads, e'en tak a skair
O' a' my grief—sweet singing Matt's nae mair.
Ah, heav'ns! did e'er this lyart head o' mine
Think to have seen the cauldrie mools on thine !

Ricky. My heart misgae me, whan I cam this way,
His dog, its lane, sat yowling on a brae ;
I cry'd, Isk, isk—poor Ringwood—sairy man ;
He wagg'd his tail, cour'd near, an' lick'd my han' ;
I clapp'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain ;
But soon's I gaed away, he yowl'd again.
Poor kindly beast ! Ah, sirs ! how sic shou'd be
Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we !

Sandy. Last owk, I dream'd my tup, that bears the
bell

An' paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,
An' brak his leg—I started frae my bed,
Awak'd, an' leugh.—Ah ! now my dream is read.
How dreigh's our cares, our joys how soon away,
Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day !
Flow fast, ye tears, ye have free leave for me ;
Dear sweet-tongu'd Matt, thousan's sall greet for thee.

Robert. Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear
Ye shed for him—he to us a' was dear.

Sandy, I'm eas'd to see thee look sae wan ;
Richy, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man.

Richy. But twice the simmer's sun has thaw'd the
snaw,
Since, frae our heights, Edie was ta'en awa.

Fast Matt has followed.—O' sic twa bereft,
 To smooth our souls, alake ! wha have we left ?
 Waes me ! o'er short a tack o' sic is given ;
 But wha may contradict the will o' Heav'n ?
 Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale
 Sing o'er his sangs, an' tell his merry tale.
 Last year I had a stately tall ash-tree,
 Braid were its branches, a sweet shade to me ;
 I thought it might have flourish'd on the brae,
 (Tho' past its prime) yet twenty years or sae ;
 But ae rough night, the blatt'ring winds blew snell,
 Torn frae its roots, adown it soughan fell ;
 Twin'd o' its nourishment, it lifeless lay,
 Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.
 Sae flourish'd Matt ; but whare's the tongue can tell
 How fair he grew ?—how much lamented fell ?

Sandy'. How snackly cou'd he gie a fool reproof,
 E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff-loof ?
 How did he warning to the dozen'd sing,
 By auld Purganty, an' the Dutchman's ring ?
 An' Lucky's siller ladle, shaws how aft
 Our greatest wishes are but vain an' daft.
 The wad-be wits, he bad them a' but pop
 Their crazy heads into Tam Timman's shop ;
 There they wad see a squirrel wi' his bells
 Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themsells.
 Thousands o' things he wittily cou'd say,
 Wi' fancy strang, an' saul as clear as day :
 Smart were his tales ; but whare's the tongue can tell
 How blythe he was ?—how much lamented fell ?

Ricky. An' as he blythesome was, sae was he wise,
 Our laird himsell wad aft tak his advice :
 E'en cheek for chew he'd sit amang them a',
 An' tauk his mind 'bout kittle points o' law.
 When clan Red-yards, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,
 Had skail'd o' ours, but mair o' his ain bluid ;
 When I, an' mony mae, that were right crouse,
 Wad fain about his lugs hae brunt his house :
 Yet Lady Anne, a woman meek an' kind,
 A fae to weirs, an' o' a peacefu' mind,
 Since mony in the fray had got their dead,
 To mak the peace, our friend was sent wi' speed.
 The very faes had for him just regard,
 Tho' sair he jib'd their foremost singing bard.
 Carefu' was Matt ; but whare's the tongue can tell
 How wise he was?—how much lamented fell?

Sandy. Wha cou'd, like him, in a short sang define
 The bonny lass, an' her young lover's pine?
 I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on May,
 Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his clay ;
 To gratify the paughty wench's pride,
 The silly shepherd *bow'd, obey'd, an' died.*
 Sic constant lasses as the *Nit-brown Maid*,
 Shall never want just praises duly paid ;
 She claim'd his sang, an' still it was his care,
 Wi' pleasing words, to guide an' rouse the fair.
 How sweet his voice, when beauty was in view,
 Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new ;
 Nae word stood wrang : but whare the tongue can tell
 How saft he sung?—how much lamented fell?

Richy. An' whan he had a mind to be mair grave,
 A minister nae better cou'd behave.
 Far out o' sight o' sic he asten flew,
 Whan he o' hally wonders took a view :
 Weel cou'd he praise the Pow'r that made us a',
 An' bid us, in return, but tent his law ;
 Wha guides us, whan we're waking or asleep,
 Wi' thousand times mair care than we our sheep.
 While he o' pleasure, pow'r, an' wisdom sang,
 My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang :
 These to repeat, braid-spoken, I wad spill,
 Altho' I shou'd employ my utmost skill.
 He tow'r'd aboon ; but, ah ! what tongue can tell
 How high he flew ?—how much lamented fell ?

Robert. My bennison, dear lads, light on you baith,
 Wha hae sae true a feeling o' our skaith :
 O Sandy, draw his likeness in smooth verse,
 As weel's ye can, then shepherds shall rehearse
 His merit, while the sun metes out the day,
 While ewes shall bleet, an' little lambkins mae.

I've been a fauter, now three days are past,
 While I for grief have hardly broke my fast ;
 Come to my shiel, there let's forget our care,
 I dinna want a rowth o' country fare,
 Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a skair.
 Besides, my lads, I hae a browst o' tip,
 As guid as ever wash'd a shepherd's lip ;
 We'll tak a scour o't to put aff our pain,
 For a' our tears an' sighs are but in vain.
 Come, help me up—yon sooty cloud shores rain.

Betty and Kate.

Betty. DEAR Katie, Willy's e'en away
Willy, o' herds the wale,
To feed his flock, an' mak his hay
Upon a distant dale,
Far to the southward o' this height
Whare now we dowie stray,
Ay heartsome when he cheer'd our sight,
An' leugh wi' us a' day.

Kate. O Willy, can dale dainties please
Thee mair than muirland ream ?
Does Isis flow wi' sweeter ease
Than Fortha's gentle stream ?
Or taks thou rather mair delyte,
In the strae-hatted maid,
Than in the blooming red an' white,
O' her that wears the plaid ?
Betty. Na, Kate, for that we needna mourn
He is na gi'en to change ;

But sauls o' sic a shining turn,
 For honours like to range.
 Our laird, an' a' the gentry round,
 Wha mauna be said nay,
 Sic pleasure in his art hae found,
 They winna let him stay.
 Blythe I hae stood frae morn to e'en,
 To see how true an' weel
 He could delyte us on the green
 Wi' a piece cawk an' keel :
 On a smooth stane, or smoother sclate,
 He can the picture draw
 O' you or me, or sheep or gait,
 The likest e'er ye saw.
 Lass, thinkna shame to ease your mind ;
 I see ye're like to greet :
 Let gae thae tears, it's justly kind,
 For shepherd sac complete

Kate. · Far, far ! o'er far frae Spey an' Clyde,
 Stands that great town o' Lud,
 To whilk our best lads rin an' ride,
 That's like to put us wud ;
 For sindle times they e'er come back,
 Wha anes are heftit there :
 Sure, Bess, thae hills are nae sae black,
 Nor yet thir howms sae bare.

Betty. Our riggs are rich, an' green our heights,
 An' weel our cares reward ;
 But yield, nae doubt, far less delights,
 In absence of our laird :

But we maun ca'mly now submit,
 An' our ill luck lament,
 An' leave to his ain sense, an' wit,
 To find his heart's content.

A thousand gates he had to win
 The love o' auld an' young ;
 Did a' he did wi' little din,
 An' in nae deed was dung.

Kate. William an' Mary never fail'd
 To welcome wi' a smile,
 An' hearten us, whan aught we ail'd,
 Without designing guile :
 Lang may she happily possess,
 Wha's in his breast infest ;
 An' may their bonny bairns increase,
 An' a' wi' rowth be left.
 O William, win your laurels fast,
 An' syne we'll a' be fain,
 Soon as your wand'ring days are past,
 An' you're return'd again.

Betty. Revive her joys by your return,
 To whom you first gae pain ;
 Judge how her passions for you burn,
 By thae you bear your ain.
 Sae may your kirn wi' fatness flow,
 An' a' your kye be sleek ;
 An' may your heart wi' gladness glow,
 In finding what ye seek.

II.
SONGS.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me :
Ye pow'rs ! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me :
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid
In fit retreats for wooing.

Bencath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting ;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me ;

Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter ;
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.

When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand.
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fan'
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd ;
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd lang life and health,
And pleasure at my will ;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Shou'd share the same with me.

BESSY BELL AN' MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL an' Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn-brae,
 An' theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 An' thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills wi' rays adorning :
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist an' feet's fu' genty,
 Wi' ilka grace she can command,
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

An' Mary's locks are like the craw,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay sae clean redd up, an' braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, an' tall is ;
 An' guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove ! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell an' Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us,
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Waes me, for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, an' tak my fate,
 An' be wi' ane contented.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen
 Coming down the street, my jo,
 My mistress in her tartan screen,
 Fu' bonny, braw, an' sweet, my jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night
 That never wish'd a lover ill ;
 Since ye're out o' your mither's sight,
 Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
 An' leave the dinsome town a while ?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 An' a' the simmer's gawn to smile ;
 The mavis, nightingale, an' lark,
 The bleating lambs, an' whistling hind ;
 In illka dale, green shaw, an' park,
 Will nourish health an' glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear guidman o' day
 Does bend his morning draught o' dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side an' play,
 An' gather flow'rs to busk yer brow.
 We'll pu' the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog ;
 Between hands now an' then we'll lean,
 An' sport upon the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, saft, an' flow'ry den,
 Which circling birks has form'd a bower :
 Whene'er the sun grows high an' warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in my arm,
 An' love an' kiss, an' kiss an' love.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, an' farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome wi' thee I've mony day been ;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 An' no for the dangers attending on weir,
 Tho' borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, an' rise every wind,
They'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind ;
Tho' loudest o' thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd ;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
An' beauty an' love's the reward o' the brave,
An' I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
An' without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae, then, my lass, to win honour an' fame,
An' if I shou'd luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee wi' love running o'er,
An' then I'll leave thee an' Lochaber no more.

LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

GIE me a lass wi' a lump o' land,
An' we for life shall gang thegither ;
Tho' daft or wise I'll ne'er demand,
Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
I'm aff wi' wit, an' beauty will fade,
An' bluid alane is no worth a shilling ;
But she that is rich her market is made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land,
 An' in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Shou'd love turn dowff, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate wi' poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle ;
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
 They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands an' bags,
 An' siller an' gowd's a sweet complexion ;
 But beauty, an' wit, an' virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art o' gaining affection.
 Love tips his arrows wi' woods an' parks,
 An' castles, an' riggs, an' muirs, an' meadows ;
 An' naithing can catch our modern sparks,
 But weel tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

At Polwart on the green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do conveen
 To dance about the thorn ;
 A kindly welcome ye shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover an' a lad complete,
 The lad an' lover you.

Let dory dames say na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the snaw
While inwardly they bleeze ;
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
An' yield my heart to thee ;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That lang na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Among the new mawn hay,
Wi' sangs an' dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night if beds be o'er thrang laid,
An' thou be twin'd o' thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To tak a part o' mine.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn ;
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung : Tho' young Maia be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maia in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth ;
 But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :
 Then sighing, he wished, wou'd parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

NANNY O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth
 Kiss and caress my Nanny O.

She bids more fair t'engage a Jove,
 Than Leda did, or Danae O :
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should sit but Nanny O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely O ;

I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely O.

Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breathe in the blest Britanni' O,
None's happiness I shall envy,
As long's ye grant me Nanny O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny O,
My lovely, charming Nanny O,
I care not tho' the world do know
How dearly I love Nanny O.

—

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with scars?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my Vara, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thousand Cupids play,
Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay;

Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state,
Let that to their share fall
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball ;
But sunk in love, upon my arms,
Let your brave head recline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
You may pursue the chace ;
And after a blythe bottle, end
All cares in my embrace :
And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine ;
We'll make the hours slide smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,
Beet the ingle, an' snuff the light :
In glens the fairies skip an' dance,
An' witches wallop o'er to France,

Up in the air
On my bonny grey mare ;
An' I see her yet, an' I see her yet.
Up in, etc.

The wind's drifting hail an' snaw
O'er frozen hags like a foot ba',
Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,
It's cauld an' mirk as ony pit,
The man i' the moon
Is carousing aboon,
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet.
The man, etc.

Tak your glass to clear your een,
It's the elixir hales the spleen,
Baith wit an' mirth it will inspire,
An' gently puffs the lover's fire,
Up i' the air,
It drives away care,
Hae wi' ye, hae wi' ye, an' hae wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, etc.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost,
Coine, Willy, gie's about your toast,
Till't lads, an' lilt it out,
An' let us hae a blythesome bowt,
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, huzza, an' huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, etc.

THE WIDOW.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, an' the widow can sew,
 An' mony braw things the widow can do;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.
 Wi' courage attack her baith early an' late;
 To kiss her an' clap her ye maunna be blate:
 Speak weel, an' do better: for that's the best gate
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', an' never ae hair
 The waur o' the wearing, an' has a good skair
 O' everything lovely; she's witty an' fair,

An' has a rich jointure, my laddie.
 What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow the bonniest toast in the town,
 Wi' naithing but draw in your stool and sit down,
 An' sport wi' the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, an' kill her wi' courtesy dead,
 'Tho' stark love an' kindness be a' ye can plead;
 Be heartsome an' airy, an' hope to succeed

Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
 Strike iron while it's het, if ye'd have it to wald;
 For fortune ay favours the active an' bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thoughtless an' cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

MY PEGGY.

My Peggy is a young thing
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm na very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look doun on a' the toun,
That I look doun upon a croun.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It maks me blythe an' bauld,
An' naething gies me sic delight
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confess,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld
 Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

O DEAR PEGGY.

O DEAR Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling ;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married ;
 Running to a life, destroys
 Heartsome, free, an' youthful joys.

AT SETTING DAY.

AT setting day and rising morn
 Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask o' Heaven thy safe return
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.

I'll visit aft the birken bush
 Where first thou kindly tauld me
 Sweet tales o' love, and hid my blush
 Whilst round thou didst infauld me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
 To greenwood, shaw, or fountain,
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees an' flooers
 From thoughts unfeign'd an' tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart that cannot wander.

O WHA'S THAT?

O WHA's that at my chamber door ?
 " Fair widow, are ye waukin ? "
 Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
 Your love lies a' in talkin'.
 Gie me the lad that's young an' tight,
 Sweet as an April meadow,
 'Tis sic as he can bless the sight
 And bosom of a widow.

" O widow, wilt thou let me in ?
 I'm pawky, wise, an' thrifty,
 And come of a right gentle kin,—
 An' little mair than fifty."

Daft carle, dight your mouth ;
 What signifies how pawky
 Or gentle born ye be ? But youth,
 In love you're but a gawky.

“ Then, widow, let thir guineas speak
 That powerfully plead clinkin' ;
 If they should fail my mouth I'll streek,
 An' ne'er mair love I'll think on.”
 They court, indeed, I maun confess ;
 I think they mak you young, sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection than your tongue, sir !

THE CARLE HE CAME O'ER THE CROFT.

The carle he came o'er the croft
 And his beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me as he'd been daft,
 The carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Hoot awa ! I winna hae him :
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him ;
 For a' his beard's new shaven
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A siller broach he gae me neist,
 To fasten on my curtchea nooked ;
 I wore't a wee upon my briest
 But soon, alake ! the tongue o't crooked :

And sae may his—I winna hae him ;
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him ;
Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jeist,
Sae ony fule for me may hae him.

The carle has nae faut but ane,
For he has land and dollars plenty ;
But wae's me for him ! skin and bane
Are no' for a plump lass o' twenty.
Hoot awa ! I winna hae him,
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him ;
What signifies his cash an' riggs
Unless there be a man wi' them !

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,—
Saw ye Jenny Nettles
Comin' fra the market,—
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap,
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a baby in her oxter ?

I met ayont the cairnie
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singin' till her bairnie,
Robin Rattle's bastard,

To flee the dool upon the stool,
An' ilka ane that mocks her,
She round aboot seeks Robin oot
To stab it in his oxter.

Fy ! fy ! Robin Rattle,
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle,—
Fy ! fy ! Robin Rattle,
Use Jenny Nettles kindly !
Score oot the blame an' shun the shame,
An' without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wean, mak Jenny fain
The leal an' leesome gate o't !

END OF SONGS.

III.

HUMOROUS POEMS.

Christ's Kirk on the Green.

CANTO I.

This canto is attributed to King James I. of Scotland. Ramsay supposes the scene to be laid near Leslie, in Fife-shire. The following prose version, which is partly translation and partly conjecture of the original, has been made on the lines of Ramsay's interpretations:—

SUCH a scene of dancing, fighting, and wild confusion as was witnessed one day lately at the celebration of a rustic wedding at Christ's Kirk, was never seen or heard of in Scotland before,—neither on Falkland green nor in Peebles at the play season. Quite a number of country girls were present, looking fresh and tidy, and remarkably smart in their new dresses, got no doubt for the occasion. They were equipt in expectation of a dance with neatly-fitting gloves and shoes, and short skirts of a light grey fabric, ornamented with innumerable plaits. They were free, almost to wantonness, in their manners,

but so excited at first that when the lads came near them they would squeal like as many goats. Of all these honey-sweet maidens, none was so delicately shaped as Julie. Her complexion was of a clear red and white, and her hair of a golden yellow. Everybody knew of her attachment to Willie, whom and whom only she would have for her lover, though it was against the wishes and even with the enmity of the whole of her kin. As for Jock, she despised him, mocked him, and made mouths at him. Willingly would he have been her lover, but in spite of his yellow locks she would have nothing to do with him. He addressed her in terms of entreaty and endearment: she bade him go hang,—counted him not worth a couple of beetles. But, indeed, he had a body which no coat could become, and his legs were veritable spindleshanks.

Tam Luttar was worthy to be their fiddler. He was no less famous as a dancer. He began with a plaintive and penetrating air, accompanying the music with his voice, while a shock-headed swain stept solemnly about in the belief that he was dancing. It was no quick Scotch air, such as Lightfoot and other old favourites, but a French imitation, requiring on the dancer's part a slow, morrice-like movement, which was little likely to exhaust him. Then Steen came tripping in—Steen, the quickest dancer in the country, whom the swiftest playing could not put out. He would leap up now and again with an agility that was perfectly wonderful. A splay-footed rustic bobbed about, dancing rather with his body than with his feet, however, and presently called out for

a certain Mause to come and be his partner. Gaining confidence, he tried a leap like Steen's, and measured his length on the grass. He made such haste to get up that he lost all his wind, and retired from view coughing and panting amid the laughter of the spectators. It was now that Robin Roy began to be noisy, and create a disturbance. He began by roughly dragging Dawnie towards him. "Let be!" said Jock, calling him at the same time by an offensive name, and pulling him back by the coat-tails. A crowd gathered round the quarrel, and the two were by the ears in a moment. They parted in a manly way, that is, only after a fair stand-up fight,—though it was reported that they pulled each other's hair when they got the chance. This disturbance either frightened or excited one fellow, who thereupon bent a bow, and choosing such an arrow as suited his purpose, stood ready to shoot. It is a dangerous thing to meddle with a madman —but that is just what is too often done. Somebody called out in an ironical tone, "We'll all be murdered now!" Taking a general aim at this person's body, the madman with the bow hastily let fly. He missed by an acre's breadth. What spoilt his aim is more than I can say. With that, a friend of his cried "Fie!" and, fitting an arrow, drew the string with such fury that his bow flew into flinders. The accident was providential, for had the wood been sound, they that knew his archery declared he might have slain more than enough that day. A smart active fellow, called Harry, well-known as a good marksman, was so

provoked by these occurrences, that he hurriedly got ready his shooting tackle. Harry, however, was not up to his usual form, for the man he aimed at escaped,—thanks, no doubt, to the Virgin! It is possible he was a friend of Harry's; at all events he escaped, as he deserved to do, for he meant no ill to any one. Lowrie next leaped up, and soon fitted an arrow, and took aim, wagering a sheep that he would strike the breast. He struck the belly, which, as it was fortunately defended by a leatheren doublet, resisted the blow with a hollow bladder-like sound. It was emphatically a stunning stroke, and took the person so unexpectedly that he dropt at once. Lowrie, thinking he had committed manslaughter, took to his heels, and was seen no more in the town, for that day at least. Forth came the wives, and raising the slain man's head, discovered that there was life in the rascal. Then giving three simultaneous shouts, and reserving a combined effort for the last one, they pulled him up till he had regained the perpendicular, and then suddenly letting go their hold, they forced him to come out of his pretended swoon. A young man, who had been standing beside him when he fell, was on the alert, and indignantly loosed off a shot at the breast of Lowrie before Lowrie had time to turn and flee. The bolt flew over the cow-house! “Fie!” cried somebody: “he has slain a priest a mile on the other side of the mire.” Hearing this the young man cast bow and quiver from him, and fled like fire from flint.

The fight now became general. The combatants

thoughtlessly seized what came readiest to hand, and struck great blows at each other with pitchforks and flails: even the rafters of an old barn were improvised as weapons of offence. Bonnets were knocked off, and bodies were knocked down and trodden on. The noise increased. Raps were dealt fast and freely. Cudgels descended on backbones, and backbones descended beneath them, while the women added confusion to the scene by alternately screaming and clapping. The combatants grinned, and let drive at each other great and injurious strokes, accompanied with groans. Some wielded sticks, some threw stones, some fled, and some stayed to perpetuate mischief. The fiddler, like a wise man, got between two carts, and so kept out of the fray. He proved his discretion by being about the only uninjured man on the green at the conclusion of the fight. Big Hutcheon undertook to separate the combatants by rushing through them with a huge hazel bough. He did not bungle the work either, but sent them right and left like mice. However, strong though he was, he had to pay for his interference. It was only a blow on the thumb, it is true, but it was on the joint, and it made him bellow. "A parley!" he roared; "I'm killed." The wound was bleeding, for a strip of skin had been knocked off. The sight of his own blood greatly alarmed him. Some one, he thought, must be in the crowd who had a grudge against him. He imagined he heard this forgotten enemy shouting, "Have at him!" and made his feet defend his head by a hasty flight, which became him better than fighting. In an incredibly short

time he was beyond earshot, and the man would have been swift of foot indeed that could then have overtaken him.

The town-cobbler had got more than his share of grief. He had been in the thick of the fight, and his body was besmeared with blood, while he groaned like a person painfully yielding up the ghost. His wife was clinging to his waist, her long yellow hair half concealing him, and with her arms around him he was constrained to flee from the fray. In his flight he showed no sign of fatigue certainly.

The miller was of manly proportions. It was no sport to tackle him. He was a master in the management of a cudgel, and perfectly able to give employment to half-a-score at a time. At last his adversaries organized a simultaneous rush upon him, and while some thrashed him with their bows in front, another party treacherously assailed him in the rear and meanly hamstrung him.

Two shepherds dashed at each other with lowered heads like a pair of butting rams. Then followed a scrimmage in which bludgeons of the most nondescript sort were used in the most abandoned and indiscriminate fashion. There were cracked crowns and bloody noses, and many a beard was stiff with gore. Many countenances thus presented an appearance savage in the extreme. How the women screamed ! But it got worse than this. The crowd increased, individuals joining it at full speed. Clubs rose and fell and were flourished about, and blood streamed out wastefully from mouths and noses. The noise of the steeple-bell added to the clamour : some

one with lusty arms was at the rope, for the very steeple seemed to rock.

But such riotous fury was bound to exhaust itself, and by-and-by they were as meek as mules fatigued with heavy loads and a long way. Many of the fools were so tired with fighting that they tumbled over, and lay as they fell, like peats. The victory was to the fresher men, before whom the others were strewn about in heaps on the ground. When all was over, valiant Dick put in an appearance with an axe on his shoulder: "Where are the scoundrels," he cried, "that wanted to kill my brother?" His wife bade him go home for a braggart, and his mother, Meg, repeated the advice. Whereupon he turned his valour against the women.

CANTO II.

BUT there had been mair blood an' skaith,
 Sair hardship an' great spulie,
 An' mony a ane had gotten his death
 By this unsonsy tooly ;
 But that the bauld guid-wife o' Braith,
 Arm'd wi' a great kail-guilly,
 Came bellyflaught, an' loot an aith,
 She'd gar them a' be hooly
 Fou fast that day,

 Blyth to win aff sae wi' hale banes,
 Tho' mony had clowr'd pows :

An' dragl'd sae 'mang muck an' stanes,
 They look'd like wirykows :
 Quoth some, wha 'maist had tint their aynds,
 Let's see how a' bowls rows,
 An' quat this brulziement at anes ;
 Yon gully is nae mows,
 Forsooth this day.

Quoth Hutchon, I am weel content,
 I think we may do waur :
 Till this time towmond I'se indent
 Our claiths o' dirt will sa'r.
 Wi' nevels I'm aimaist fa'n faint,
 My chafts are dung a char ;
 Then took his bannet to the bent,
 An' daddit aff the glar
 Fou clean that day.

Syne a' wi' ae consent shook hands,
 As they stuid in a ring ;
 Some redd their hair, some set their bands,
 Some did their sark-tails wring ;
 Then for a hap to shaw their brands,
 They did their minstrel bring,
 Whare clever houghs like willi-wands,
 At ilka blythsome spring,
 Lap high that day.

Claud Peky was nae very blate,
 He stood nae lang a-dreigh ;

For by the briest he gripped Kate,
An' gar'd her gi'e a skreigh :
Haud aff, quoth she, ye filthy slate,
Ye stink o' leeks, O figh !
Let gae my hands, I say, be quait ;
An' wow gin she was skeigh
An' mim that day.

The manly miller, half an' half,
Cam out to shaw guid will,
Flang by his mittans an' his staff,
Cry'd, Gi'e me Paty's Mill ;
He lap bawk-hight, an' cry'd, Haud aff,
They roos'd him that had skill ;
He wad do't better, quoth a cawff,
Had he anither gill
O' Usquebae.

Furth started neist a pensy blade,
An' out a maiden took,
They said that he was Falkland bred,
An' danced by the book ;
A couple taylor to his trade,
An' whan their hands he shook,
Ga'e them what he got frae his dad,
Videlicet, the yuke,
To claw that day.

Whan a' cry'd out he did sae weel,
He Meg an' Bess did call up ;

The lassies babb'd about the reel,
 Gar'd a' their hurdies wallop,
 An' swat like pownies whan they speel
 Up braes, or whan they gallop ;
 But a thrawn knublock hit his heel,
 An' wives had him to haul up,
 Haff fell'd that day.

But mony a pauky look an' tale
 Gaed round, whan glowming hous'd them,
 The hostler wife brought benn guid ale,
 An' bade the lassies rouse them :
 Up wi' them lads, and I'se be bail
 They'll looe ye an' ye touse them ;
 Quoth Gawssie, this will never fail
 Wi' them that this gate woo's them,
 On sic a day.

Syne stools and furnis were drawn aside,
 An' up raise Willy Dadle,
 A short hought man, but fou o' pride,
 He said the fiddler play'd ill ;
 Let's hae the pipes, quoth he, beside ;
 Quoth a', That is nae said ill ;
 He fits the floor syne wi' the bride
 To Cuttyman an' Treeladle,
 Thick, thick, that day.

Auld Steen led out Maggy Forsyth,
 He was her ain guid-brither ;

An' ilka ane was unco blyth,
To see auld fowk sae clever.
Quoth Jock, wi' laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my mither?
Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
But she wad get anither
Guidman this day.

The letter-gae o' haly rhyme,
Sat up at the boord-head,
An' a' he said was thought a crime
To contradict indeed:
For in clerk leare he was right prime,
An' could baith write an' read,
An' drank sae firm, till ne'er a styme
He could keek on a bead
Or book that day.

Whan he was strute, twa sturdy chiels,
Be's oxter an' be's collar,
Held up frae cowping o' the creels
The liquid logic scholar.
Whan he cam hame, his wife did reel,
An' rampage in her choler,
Wi' that he brak the spinning-wheel,
That cost a guid rix-dollar
An' mair, some say.

Near bed-time now, ilk weary wight
Was gaunting for his rest;

For some were like to tyne their sight,
 Wi' sleep an' drinking strest.
 But ithers that were stomach-tight,
 Cry'd out, It was nae best
 To leave a supper that was dight,
 To brownies, or a ghaist,
 To eat or day.

On whumelt tubs lay twa lang dails,
 On them stuid mony a goan,
 Some fill'd wi' brachan, some wi' kail,
 An' milk het frae the loan.
 O' dainties they had routh an' wale,
 O' which they were right fon' ;
 But naething wad gae down but ale
 Wi' drunken Donald Don,
 The smith, that day.

Twa times aught bannocks in a heap,
 An' twa guid junts o' beef,
 Wi' hind an' fore-spaul o' a sheep,
 Drew whistles frae ilk sheath :
 Wi' graivie a' their beards did dreep,
 They kempit wi' their teeth ;
 A kebbuck syne that maist cou'd creep
 Its lane, put on the sheaf
 In stous that day.

The bride was now laid in her bed,
 Her left leg ho was flung ;

An' Geordie Gib was fidgen glad,
Because it hit Jean Gun :
She was his jo, an' aft had said,
Fy, Geordie, haud your tongue,
Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride :
But chang'd her mind, whan bung,
That very day.

The souter, miller, smith, an' Dick,
Lawrie, an' Hutchon bauld,
Carles that keep nae very strict
Be hours, tho' they were auld :
Nor cou'd they e'er leave off that trick ;
But whar guid ale was sald,
They drank a' night, e'en tho' Auld Nick
Shou'd tempt their wives to scald
Them for't neist day.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen,
Sic banqueting an' drinkin,
Sic ravelling an' battles keen,
Sic dancing, and sic jinkin, etc.

CANTO III.

Now frae east nook o' Fife the dawn
Speel'd westlins up the lift,
Carles wha heard the cock had craw'n,
Begoud to rax an' rift :

An' greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,
 Cry'd, Lasses up to thrift ;
 Dogs barked, an' the lads frae hand
 Bang'd to their breek like drift,
 Be break o' day.

But some wha had been sou yestreen,
 Sic as the letter-gae,
 Air up, had nae will to be seen,
 Grudgin their groat to pay.
 But what ast fristed's no forgien,
 Whan souk has nought to say ;
 Yet sweer were they to rake their een,
 Sic dizzy heads had they,
 An' het that day.

Be that time it was fair soor days,
 As sou's the house cou'd pang,
 To see the young souk 'ere they raise,
 Gossips came in ding dang,
 An' wi' a soss aboon the clraiths,
 Ilk ane their gifts down flang :
 Twall toop-horn spoons down Maggy lays,
 Baith muckle-mou'd an' lang,
 For kail or whey.

Her aunt a pair o' tangs fush in,
 Right bald she spak an' spruce,
 " Gin your guidman shall mak a din,
 An' gabble like a goose,

Shorin, whan fou, to skelp ye'r skin,
Thir tangs may be o' use :
Lay them en'lang his pow or shin,
Wha wins syne may mak roose
Between you twa."

Auld Bessy in her red coat braw,
Came wi' her ain oe Nanny,
An odd-like wife they said that saw,
A moupin runkled granny :
She fley'd the kimmers ane an' a',
Word gaed she was nae canny ;
Nor wad they let Lucky awa',
Till she was fou wi' branny,
Like mony mae.

Kind Kirsh was there, a canty lass,
Black ey'd, black hair'd, an' bonny ;
Right weel red up, an' jimp she was,
An' wooers had fu' mony :
I wat na how it cam to pass,
She cutled in wi' Jonnie,
An' tumbling wi' him on the grass,
Dang a' her cockernony
A-jee that day.

Het drink, fresh butter'd caiks, an' cheese,
That held their hearts aboon,
Wi' clashes, mingled ast wi' lies,
Drave aff the hale forenoon ;

But after dinner, an' ye please,
 To weary not o'er soon,
 We down to e'enning edge wi' ease
 Shall loup, an' see what's done
 I' the doup o' day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,
 They that were right true blue,
 Was e'en to get their wysons wat,
 An' fill young Roger fou :
 But the bauld billy took his maut,
 An' was right stiff to bow ;
 He fairly ga'e them tit for tat,
 An' scour'd aff healths anew,
 Clean out that day.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth an' nail,
 Fell keenly to the wark ;
 To ease the gantrees o' the ale,
 An' try wha was maist stark ;
 Till boord an' floor, an' a' did sail
 Wi' spilt ale i' the dark :
 Gart Jock's fit slide, he, like a fail,
 Play'd dad, an' dang the bark
 Aff's shin that day.

The souter, miller, smith, an' Dick,
 Et cet'ra, closs sat cockin,
 Till waisted was baith cash an' tick,
 Sae ill they were to slocken :

Gane out amang the gutters thick,
Some fell, an' some gade rockin,
Sawney hang sneering on his stick,
To see bauld Hutchon bockin
Rainbows that day.

The smith's wife her black deary sought,
An' fand him skin an' birn ;
Quoth she, " This day wark's be dear bought ;"
He bann'd an' ga'e a girn,
Ca'd her a jad, an' said she mucht
Gae hame an' scum her kirn :
" Whish't ladren ! for gin ye say ought
Mair, I'se wind ye a pирн
To reel some day."

" Ye'll wind a pирн ! ye silly snool,
Wae worth yer drunken saul,"
Quoth she, an' lap out o'er a stool,
An' clauthit him by the spaul :
He shook her, an' sware " Muckle dool,
Ye'se thole for this, ye scaul ;
I'se rive frae aff your back the hool,
An' learn ye to be baul
On sic a day."

" Y'er tippanizing, scant o' grace,"
Quoth she, " gars me gang duddy :
Our nibour Pate sin break o' day's
Been thumpin at his studdy ;

An' it be true that some fouk says,
 Ye'll gирн yet in a woody : ”
 Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,
 Made a' his black beard bloody
 Wi' scarts that day.

A gilpy that had seen the faught,
 I wat he was nae lang,
 Till he had gather'd seven or aught
 Wild hempies stout and strang ;
 They frae a barn a kaber raught,
 Ane mounted wi' a bang,
 Betwixt twa's shoulders, an' sat straught
 Upon't, an' rade the stang
 On her that day.

The wives an' gytlings a' spawn'd out
 O'er middins, an' o'er dykes,
 Wi' mony an unco skirl an' shout,
 Like bumbees frae their bykes ;
 Thro' thick an' thin they scour'd about,
 Plashing thro' dubs an sykes,
 An' sic a reird ran thro' the rout,
 Gart a' the hale town tykes
 Yamph loud that day

But, d'ye see, fu' better bred
 Was mensfu' Maggy Murdy,
 She her man like a lammy led
 Hame wi' a weel-wail'd wordy.

Fast frae the company he fled,
As he had ta'en the sturdy ;
She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,
Wi' ca'ing him her burdy,
Kindly that day.

But Lawrie he took out his nap
Upon a mow o' pease ;
An' Robin in his ain wife's lap—
He said it gie'd him ease :
Hutchon, wi' a three-lugged cap,
His head bizzin wi' bees,
Hit Geordy a mislushios rap,
An' brak the brig o's neese
Right sair that day.

Syne ilka thing gaed arse o'er head,
Chanlers, boord, stools, an' stoups,
Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,
An' there was little hopes
But there had been some ill-done deed,
They gat sic thrawart cowps ;
But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,
Was only on their doups,
Wi' fa's that day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
Till a' their sense was smoor'd ;
An' in their maws there was nae mank ;
Upon the furms some snor'd :

Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,
 Wi' een like collops scor'd ;
 Some ramm'd their noddles wi' a clank,
 E'en like a thick-scull'd lord,
 On posts that day.

ON MAGGY JOHNSTON.

AULD REEKIE, mourn in sable hue,
 Let fouth o' tears dreep like May-dew :
 To braw tippeny bid adieu,
 Which we wi' greed
 Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,
 But, ah ! she's dead.

To tell the truth, now Maggy dang,
 O' customers she had a bang ;
 For lairds an' souters a' did gang
 To drink bedeen :
 The barn an' yard was aft sae thrang,
 We took the green ;

An' there by dizzens we lay down ;
 Syne sweetly ca'd the healths aroun',
 To bonny lasses, black or brown,
 As we loo'd best :
 In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
 An' took our rest.

When in our pouch we fand some clinks,
An' took a turn o'er Bruntsfield Links,
Asten in Maggy's, at hy-jinks,
 We guzzl'd scuds,
Till we could scarce, wi' hale-oot drinks,
 Cast aff our duds.

We drank an' drew, an' fill'd again,
O wow but we were blythe an' fain !
When ony had their count mistane,
 O it was nice !
To hear us a' cry, " Pike ye'r bane
 An' spell ye'r dice."

Fu' close we us'd to drink an' rant,
Until we did baith glowr an' gaunt,
. . . an' yesk, an' maunt,
 Right swash I true ;
Then o' auld stories we did cant
 Whan we were fou.

Whan we were weary'd at the gowff,
Then Maggy Johnston's was our howff ;
Now a' our gamesters may sit dowff,
 Wi' hearts like lead,
Death wi' his rung rax'd her a yowff,
 An' sae she's dead.

Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine,
For which we will right sair repine ?

Or hast thou left to bairns o' thine
 The pauky knack
 O' brewing ale amait like wine,
 That gar'd us crack.

Sae bawly did a pease-scon toast
 Biz i' the queff, an' flie the frost :
 There we got fou wi' little cost,
 An' muckle speed ;
 Now, wae worth Death ! our sport's a' lost,
 Since Maggy's dead.

Ae summer night I was sae fou,
 Amang the rigs I gaed . . .
 Syne down on a green bawk, I trow,
 I took a nap,
 An' soucht a' night balillilow,
 As sound's a tap.

An' whan the dawn begoud to glow,
 I hirsl'd up my dizzy pow,
 Frae 'mang the corn, like wirricow,
 Wi' banes sae sair,
 An' ken'd nae mair than if a ewe
 How I cam there.

Some said it was the pith o' broom
 That she stow'd in her masking-loom,
 Which in our heads rais'd sic a foom ;
 Or some wild seed,
 Which aft the chappin-stoup did toom,
 But fill'd our head.

But now since it's sae that we must
Not in the best ale put our trust,
But whan we're auld return to dust,
 Without remead,
Why shou'd we tak it in disgust
 That Maggy's dead.

O' warldly comforts she was rife,
An' liv'd a lang an' hearty life,
Right free o' care, or toil, or strife,
 Till she was stale,
An' ken'd to be a canny wife,
 At brewing ale.

Then fareweel Maggy, douce an' fell,
O' brewers a' thou boor the bell:
Let a' thy gossips yelp an' yell,
 An' without feed,
Guess whether ye're in heav'n or hell,
 They're sure ye're dead.

THE MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit o' wine ;
An' you wha laughing scud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, an' hear a tale.

An honest miller won'd in Fife,
 That had a young an' wanton wife ;
 The parish priest paid visits till her,
 An' to keep in wi' Hab the miller,
 Endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,
 Where'er he kent the ale was nappy.
 Sic condescension in a pastor
 Knit Halbert's love to him the faster ;
 An' by his converse, troth 'tis true,
 Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.

When equal is the night an' day,
 An' Ceres gies the schools the play,
 A youth, sprung frae a gentler *pater*,
 Bred at St. Andrew's *alma-mater*,
 Ae day gaun hameward, it fell late,
 An' him benighted by the gate :
 To lye without, pit-mirk did shore him,
 He coudna see his thumb before him :
 But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
 Whilk led him by the lugs theretill.
 To tak the thread of tale alang,
 This mill to Halbert did belang ;
 Not less this note your notice claims,
 The scholar's name was Master James.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,
 Smoothly relate a tale shall last
 As lang as Alps, an' Grampian hills,
 As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd James, Hab saw an' kend him,
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him

Wi' sic guid cheer as he cou'd make
Baith for his ain an' father's sake.
The scholar thought himself right sped,
An' gae him thanks in terms weel bred.
Quoth Hab, " I canna leave my mill
As yet ;—but step ye west the kiln
A bowshot, an' ye'll find my hame :
Gae warn ye, an' crack wi' our dame,
'Till I set aff the mill, syne we
Shall tak what Betsy has to gie."

James, in return, what's handsome said,
O'er lang to tell ; an' aff he gade.
Out o' the house some light did shine,
Whilk led him till't as wi' a line ;
Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were stekkit ;
Straight thro' a window Bessy keekit,
An' cries, " Wha's that gi'es fowk a fricht
At sic untimous time o' night ? "

James wi' guid humour maist discreetly,
Tauld her his circumstance completely.
" I dinna ken ye," quoth the wife,
" An' up an' down the thieves are rife ;
Within my lane, I'm but a woman,
Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man ;
But since 'tis very like, my dow,
That a' ye're telling may be true,
Hae, there's a key, gang in your way,
At the neist door there's braw ait strae :
Streek down upon't, my lad, an' learn
They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."

Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
James fand he coudna mend the matter ;
An' since it might nae better be,
Wi' resignation took the key,
Unlock't the barn—clam up the mou,
Where was an opening near the hou,
Through whilk he saw a glent o' light,
That gae diversion to his sight :
By this he quickly could discern
A thin wa' sep'rate house an' barn,
An' thro' this rive was i' the wa',
A' done within the house he saw :
He saw, and was himself unseen,
Yet scarce gae credit to his een,
The parish priest, of reverend fame,
In courtship with the miller's dame—
He saw the wife, as fast as able,
Spread a clean servite on the table,
An' syne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben
A piping het young roasted hen,
An' twa guid bottles stout an' clear,
Ane o' strong ale an' ane o' beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest,
Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
Th' unwelcome miller gae a roar,
Cry'd, “ Bessy, haste ye ope the door.”
Wi' that the haly faither fled,
An' darn'd himsel' behint a bed ;
While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,
That nougnt the miller might espy ;

Syne loot him in,—but out of tune,
Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon :
“ I come,” said he, “ as manners claims,
To crack an' wait on Master James,
Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bizzy ;
I sent him here, guidwife, where is he ? ”
“ Ye sent him here ” (quoth Bessy, grumbling),
“ Kend I this James ? A chiel cam rumbling ;
But how was I assur'd, when dark,
That he had been nae thievish spark,
Or some rude wencher gotten a dose,
That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose ? ”
“ An' what cam o' him ? speak nae langer,”
Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.
“ I sent him to the barn,” quoth she ;
“ Gae quickly bring him in,” quoth he.
James was brought in—the wife was bawked—
The priest stood close—the miller cracked—
Then ask'd his sunkan, gloomy spouse,
What supper she had in the house,
That might be suitable to gie
Ane o' their lodger's qualitie ?
Quoth she, “ Ye may weel ken, guidman,
Your feast comes frae the parritch pan :
The stov'd an' roasted we afford,
Are aft great strangers on our board.”
“ Parritch,” quoth Hab, “ ye senseless tawpie !
Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpie ?
An' that his gentle stamock's master
To worry up a pint o' plaster ? ”

Like our mill-knaves that lift the laiding,
Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.
Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
An' send for ale frae Maggy Pickens."

"Hout I," quoth she, "ye may weel ken,
'Tis ill brought butt that's na there ben;
When but last owk, nae farder gane,
The laird gat a' to pay his kain."

Then James, wha had as guid a guess
O' what was in the house as Bess,
Wi' pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himsel' an' ease his friend,
First open'd, wi' a slee oration,
His wond'rous skill in conjuration;
Said he, "By this fell art I'm able
To whop aff any great man's table
Whate'er I like to mak a meal of,
Either in part or yet the haill of,—
An' if ye please I'll shaw my art."

Cries Halbert, "Faith, wi' a' my heart!"
Bess sain'd hersel',—cry'd, "Lord, be here!"
An' near hand fell a swoon for fear.

James leugh, an' bade her naithing dread,
Syne to his conj'ring went wi' speed:
An' first he draws a circle round,
Then utters mony a magic sound
O' words, part Latin, Greek, an' Dutch,
Enow to fright a very witch:
That done, he says, "Now, now 'tis come,
An' in the boal beside the lum;

Now set the board ; guidwife, gae ben,
 Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen.”
 She wadna gang, but Haby ventur’d ;
 An’ soon as he the ambrie enter’d,
 It smell’d sae weel he short time sought it,
 An’ wond’ring, ’tween his hands he brought it.
 He view’d it round, an’ thrice he smelt it,
 Syne wi’ a gentle touch he felt it.
 Thus ilka sense he did conveen,
 Lest glamour had beguil’d his een ;
 They all in an united body,
 Declar’d it a fine fat how towdy.
 “ Nae mair about it,” quoth the miller,
 “ The fowl looks weel, an’ we’ll fa’ till her.”
 “ Sae be’t,” says James ; an’ in a doup,
 They snapt her up baith stoup an’ roup.

“ Neist, O ! ” cries Halbert, “ cou’d your skill
 But help us to a waught o’ ale,
 I’d be oblig’d t’ ye a’ my life,
 An’ offer to the deil my wife,
 To see if he’ll discreeter mak her,
 But that I’m fled he winna tak her.”
 Said James : “ Ye offer very fair,
 The bargain’s hadden, say nae mair.”

Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,
 Wi’ kittle words thrice gae command ;
 That done, wi’ look baith learn’d an’ grave,
 Said, “ Now ye’ll get what ye wad have ;
 Twa bottles o’ as nappy liquer
 As ever ream’d in horn or bicker,

Behind the ark that hauds your meal,
 Y'e'll find twa standing corkit weel."
 He said, an' fast the miller flew,
 An' frae their nest the bottles drew ;
 Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
 Whase art had gart him feed on roasted ;
 His father's neist,——an' a' the rest
 O' his guid friends that wish'd him best,
 Which were o'er langsome at the time,
 In a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus, while the miller an' the youth
 Were blythly stock'ning o' their drowth,
 Bess, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
 The priest inclos'd, stood vex'd an' sweating.

"O wow !" said Hab, "if ane might spear,
 Dear Master James, wha brought our chear ?
 Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',
 We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

"To bring your doubts to a conclusion,"
 Says James, "ken I'm a Rosicrucian ;
 Ane o' the set that never carries
 On traffic wi' black deils or fairies ;
 There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deil,
 That constantly around us wheel.
 There was a sage call'd Albumazor,
 Whase wit was gleg as ony razor :
 Frae this great man we learn'd the skill
 To bring these gentry to our will ;
 An' they appear, when we've a mind,
 In ony shape o' human kind :

Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
 I'll gar my Pacolet appear."
 Hab fidg'd an' leugh, his elbuck clew,
 Baith fear'd an' fond a sp'rit to view :
 At last his courage wan the day,
 He to the scholar's will gae way.

Bessy be this began to smell
 A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell :
 She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
 But meantime tipt young James a wink.
 James frae his eye an answer sent,
 Which made the wife right weel content :
 Then turn'd to Hab, an' thus advis'd,
 " Whate'er you see, be nought surpris'd,
 But for your saul move not your tongue ;
 An' ready stand wi' a great rung,
 Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
 Be sure to lend him a sound rout :
 I bidna this by way o' mocking,
 For nought delytes him mair than knocking."

Hab got a kent—stood by the hallan,
 An' straight the wild mischievous callan
 Cries, " Radamanthus Husky Mingo,
 Monk, Horner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo,
 Appear in likeness o' a priest,
 No like a deil in shape o' beast,
 Wi' gaping chafts to fleg us a' :
 Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'."

Then frae the hole where he was pent,
 The priest approach'd right weel content.

Wi' silent pace strade o'er the floor,
 'Till he was drawing near the door,
 Then to escape the cudgel ran,
 But was nae miss'd by the guidman,
 Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,
 That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
 Darkness soon hid him frae their sight,
 Ben flew the miller in a fright ;
 "I trow," quoth he, "I laid weel on ;
 But, wow ! he's like our ain Mess John ! "

ON LUCKY WOOD, IN THE CANONGATE.

O CANIGATE ! poor elritch hole,
 What loss, what crosses does thou thole !
 London an' death gars thee look droll,
 An' hing thy head ;
 Wow ! but thou has e'en a cauld coal
 To blaw, indeed.

Hear me, ye hills, an' ev'ry glen,
 Ilk craig, ilk cleugh, an' hollow den,
 An' echo shrill, that a' may ken
 The waefu' thud
 By rackless death, wha cam unseen
 To Lucky Wood.

She's dead, o'er true, she's dead an' gane,
 Left us an' Willie, burd alane,
 To bleer an' greet, to sab an' mane,
 An' rugg our hair,
 Because we'll ne'er see her again
 For evermair.

She gaed as fait as a new preen,
 An' kept her housie snod an' bien :
 Her peuther glanc'd upo' your een
 Like siller plate ;
 She was a donsie wife and clean,
 Without debate.

It did ane guid to see her stools,
 Her boord, fireside, an' facing tools ;
 Rax, chandlers, tangs, an' fire-shools,
 Basket wi' bread.

Poor Facers now may chew pea-hools,
 Since Lucky's dead.

She ne'er gae in a lawin fause,
 Nor stoups a' froath aboon the hause,
 Nor kept dow'd tip within her wa's,
 But reaming swats ;
 She never ran sour jute, because
 It gies the batts.

She had the gate sae weel to please
 Wi' *gratis* beef, dry fish, or cheese,

Which kept our purses ay at ease,
 An' health in tif,
 An' lent her fresh nine-gallon trees
 A hearty list.

She gae us aft hale legs o' lamb,
 An' did nae hain her mutton ham ;
 Then ay at Yule, whene'er we cam,
 A braw goose pye ;
 An' was nae that guid belly baum ?
 Nane daur deny.

The writer lads fu' weel may mind her,
 Furthy was she, her luck design'd her
 Their common mither, sure nane kinder
 Ever brak bread ;
 She has nae left her mak behind her,
 But now she's dead.

To the sma' hours we aft sat still,
 Nick'd round our toasts an' sneeshin'-mill ;
 Guid cakes we wanted ne'er at will,
 The best o' bread,
 Which asten cost us mony a gill
 To Aikenhead.

Cou'd our saut tears like Clyde down rin,
 An' had we cheeks like Corra's lin,
 That a' the warld might hear the din
 Rair frae ilk head ;
 She was the wale o' a' her kin,
 But now she's dead.

O Lucky Wood ! it's hard to bear
 The loss ; but, oh ! we maun forbear ;
 Yet sall thy memory be dear
 While blooms a tree ;
 An' after ages bairns will speer
 'Bout thee an' me.

ELEGY ON PATIE BIRNIE.

The famous Fiddler o' Kinghorn.

IN sonnet slee, the man I sing,
 His rare ingine in rhyme shall ring,
 Wha slade the stick out o'er the string,
 Wi' sic an art :
 Wha sang sae sweetly to the spring,
 An' rais'd the heart.

Kinghorn may rue the ruefu' day
 That lighted Patie to his clay,
 Wha gart the hearty billies stay,
 An' spend their cash,
 To see his snout, to hear him play,
 An' gab sae gash.

When strangers landed, wow sae thrang,
 Puffing an' peghing, he wad gang,

An' crave their pardon that sae lang,
 He'd been a coming ;
 Syne his bread-winner out he'd bang,
 An' fa' to bummimg.

Your honour's father, dead an' gane,
 For him he first wad mak his mane,
 But soon his face wad mak ye fain,
 When he did sough,
O wiltu, wiltu do't again ?
 An' grain'd an' leugh.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
 An' eke *The auld man's mare she's deal,*
Tho' peats an' turfs an' a's to lead :
 O sy upon her !
 A bonny auld thing this indeed,
 An't like your honour.

How first he practis'd ye shall hear :
 The harn-pan o' an umquhile mare,
 He strung, an' strak sounds saft an' clear,
 Out o' the pow,
 Which fir'd his saul, an' gart his ear
 Wi' gladness glow.

Sae some auld-gabbet poets tell,
 Jove's nimble son an' lackey sneil
 Made the first fiddle o' a shell,
 On which Apollo,
 Wi' meikle pleasure play'd himself,
 Baith jig an' solo.

O Johnny Stocks, what's come o' thee?
I'm sure thou'l break thy heart an' die:
Thy Birnie gane, thou'l never be
 Nor blythe, nor able
To shake thy short houghs merrily
 Upon a table.

How pleasant was't to see thee diddle,
An' dance so finely to his fiddle,
Wi' nose foreagainst a lass's middle,
 An' briskly brag,
Wi' cutty steps to ding their striddle,
 An' gar them fag.

Pate was a carle o' canny sense,
An' wanted ne'er a right bien spence;
An' laid up dollars in defence,
 'Gainst eild an' gout,
Weel judging gear in future tense
 Cou'd stand for wit.

Yet prudent fouk may tak the pet:
Ance thrawart porter wadna let
Him in while latter meat was hett,
 He gaw'd fu' sair,
Flang in his fiddle owre the yett,
 Whilk ne'er did mair.

But profit may arise frae loss,
Sae Pate got comfort by his cross;

Soon as he wan within the close,
 He dously drew in
 Mair gear frae ilka gentle goss
 Than bought a new ane.

When lying bedfast, sick an' sair,
 To parish priest he promis'd fair,
 He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair ;
 But hale an' tight,
 He prov'd the auld man to a hair,
 Strute ilka night.

The haly dad, wi' care essays
 To wile him frae his wanton ways,
 An' tell'd him o' his promise twice ;
 Pate answer'd clever ;
Wha tents what people raving says
Whan in a fever ?

At Bothwell Brig he gaed to fight ;
 But being wise as he was wight,
 He thought it shaw'd a saul but slight,
 Daftly to stand,
 An' let gunpowder wrang his sight,
 Or fiddle hand.

Right pawkily he left the plain,
 Nor o'er his shouther look'd again,
 But scour'd o'er moor an' moss amain,
 To Reeky straight,
 An' tald how mony Whigs were slain
 Before they faught.

Sae I've lamented Patie's end ;
 But lest your grief o'er far extend,
 Come, dight your cheeks, your brows unbend,
 An' lift your head,
 For to a' Britain be it kend
 He isna dead.

CUPID.

WHEN a' the warld had closed their een,
 Fatigu'd wi' labour, care, an' din,
 An' quietly, ilka weary wight
 Enjoy'd the silence o' the night :
 Then Cupid, that ill-deedy gett,
 Wi' a' his pith rapt at my yett.
 Surpris'd, thro' sleep, I cry'd, " Wha's that ? "
 Quoth he, " A poor young wean a' wat ;
 Oh ! haste ye apen—fear nae skaith,
 Else soon this storm will be my death."
 Wi' his complaint my saul grew wae,
 For as he said I thought it sae :
 I took a light, an' fast did rin
 To let the chitterin' infant in :
 An' he appear'd to be nae kow,
 For a' his quiver, wings, an' bow.
 His bairnly smiles and looks gae joy,
 He seem'd sae innocent a boy :
 I led him benn but any pingle,
 An' beekt him brawly at my ingle :

Dighted his face, his handies thow'd,
 Till his young cheeks like roses glow'd.
 But soon as he grew warm an' fain,
 "Let's try," quoth he, "if that the rain
 Has wrang'd ought o' my sporting gear,
 An' if my bow-string's hale an' fier."
 Wi' that his arch'ry graith he put
 In order, an' made me his butt ;
 Mov'd back a piece—his bow he drew,
 Fast thro' my breast his arrow flew.
 That done, as if he'd found a nest,
 He leugh, an' wi' unsonsy jest,
 Cry'd, "Neibour, I'm right blythe in mind,
 That in good tifst my bow I find :
 Did not my arrow flee right smart ?
 Ye'll find it sticking in your heart."

THE CLOCK AND DIAL.

AE day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
 An' put his qualities to trial : .
 Spake to him thus—"My neighbour, pray,
 Can'st tell me what's the time o' day ?"
 The Dial said, "I dinna ken."—
 "Alake, what stand ye there for then ?"—
 "I wait here till the sun shines bright,
 For nought I ken but by his light."
 "Wait on," quoth Clock, "I scorn his help ;
 Baith night and day my lain I skelp ;

Wind up my weights but anes a-week,
 Without him I can gang an' speak ;
 Nor like a useless sumph I stand,
 But constantly wheel round my hand :
 Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour ;
 And I am right, ane, twa, three, four."

While thus the Clock was boasting loud,
 The bleezing sun brak thro' a cloud ;
 The Dial, faithfu' to his guide,
 Spake truth, an' laid the thumper's pride :
 " Ye see," said he, " I've dung ye fair,
 'Tis four hours an' three quarters mair.
 My friend," he added, " count again,
 An' learn a wee to be less vain :
 Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,
 An' that you answers never want ;
 For you're not ay to be believ'd ;
 Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd.
 Be counsell'd to behave like me ;
 For when I dinna clearly see,
 I always own I dinna ken,
 An' that's the way o' wisest men."

THE TWA CUT-PURSES.

IN Burrows-town there was a fair,
 An' mony a landart coof was there,
 Baith lads an lasses busked brawly,
 To glowr at ilka bonny waly,

An' lay out ony ora bodles
On sma' gimcracks that pleas'd their noddles,
Sic as a jocktaleg, or sheers,
Confeckit ginger, plums, or pears.

These gaping gowks twa rogues survey,
An' on their cash this plot they lay :
The tane, less like a knave than fool,
Unbidden clam the high cock-stool,
An' pat his head an' baith his hands
Thro' holes where the ill-doers stands ;
Now a' the crowd, wi' mouth an' een,
Cry'd out, " What does the ideot mean ? "
They glowr'd an' leugh, an' gather'd thick,
An' never thought upon a trick,
Till he beneath had done his job,
By tooming pouches o' the mob,
Wha, now possess'd o' rowth o' gear,
Scour'd aff as lang's the coast was clear.
But, wow, the ferly quickly chang'd,
Whan thro' their empty fobs they rang'd ;
Some girn'd an' some look'd blaec wi' grief ;
While some cry'd out, " Fy, haud the thief ; "
But ne'er a thief or thief was there,
Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.
The jip, wha stood aboon them a',
His innocence began to shaw ;
Said he, " My friends, I'm very sorry
To hear your melancholy story ;
But sure, where'er your tinsel be,
Ye canna lay the wyte on me."

THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE.

TWA Cats anes on a Cheese did light,
To which baith had an equal right ;
But disputes, sic as aft arise,
Fell out in sharing o' the prize.
Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,
Thae teeth o' your's gang wonder quick :
Let's part it, else, lang or the moon
Be chang'd, the kebbuck will be doon.
But wha's to do't?—They're parties baith,
An ane may do the other skaith.
Sae wi' consent away they trudge,
An' laid the Cheese before a judge :
A Monkey, wi' a campsho face,
Clark to a justice o' the peace ;
A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd,
When he his master's chair had fill'd,
Now umpire chosen for division ;
Baith swore to stand by his decision.
Demure he looks—the Cheese he pales—
He prives—it's guid—ca's for the scales ;
His knife whop's throw't—in twa it fell ;
He puts ilk hauf in either shell :
Said he, we'll truly weigh the case,
An' strictest justice shall hae place ;
Then lifting up the scales, he fand
The tane bang up, the other stand :
Syne out he took the heaviest hauf,
An' ate a noost o't quickly aff,

An' try'd it syne ;—it now prov'd light :
Friend Cats, said he, we'll do ye right.
Then to the other hauf he fell,
An' laid till't teughly tooth an' nail,
Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd.
The judge, wha this sweet process lov'd,
Still weigh'd the case, an' still ate on,
Till clients baith were weary grown :
An' tenting how the matter went,
Cry'd, Come, come, sir, we're baith content.
Ye fools, quoth he, and Justice too
Maun be content as weel as you.
Thus grumbl'd they, thus he went on,
Till baith the ha'ves were near-hand done :
Poor Pousies now the daffin saw,
O' gawn for nignyes to the law ;
An' bill'd the judge, that he wad please
To gie them the remaining cheese :
To which his worship grave reply'd,
“ The dues of court maun first be paid.
Now Justice pleas'd ;—what's to the fore
Will but right scrimply clear your score ;
That's our decreet—gae hame an' sleep,
An' thank us ye're win aff sae cheap.”

END OF HUMOROUS POEMS.

IV.

IMAGINATIVE POEMS.

Imaginative Poems.

THE VISION.

BEDOUN the bents of Banquo brae
Mi-lane I wandert waif an' wae,
Musand our main mischaunce ;
How be the faes we are undone,
That staw the sacred stane frae Scone,
And lead us sic a daunce :
Quhile Ingland's Edert taks our tours,
And Scotland ferst obeys,
Rude ruffians ransakk ryal bours,
An' Baliol homage pays ;
Troch feidem our freidom
Is blotit with this skore,
Quhat Romans, or no man's
Pith culd eir do befoir.

The air grew ruch with housteous thuds,
Bauld Boreas branglit out throw the cluds,
Maist lyke a drunken wicht ;

The thunder crackt, and flauchs did rift
Frae the black vissart of the lift ;

The forest schuke with fricht :
Nae birds abune thair wing exten,
They ducht not byde the blast ;
Ilk beist bedeen bang'd to thair den,

Until the storm was past :

Ilk creature in nature,
That had a spunk of sence,
In need then, with speed then,
Methocht cryt, “ In defence.”

To see a morn in May sae ill,
I deimt dame Nature was gane wil,

To rair with rackles reil :
Quairfor to put me out of pain,
And skonce my skap and shanks frae rain,

I bure me to a biel,
Up ane hich craig that lundgit alaist,

Out owre a canny cave,
A curious cruf of Nature’s craft,

Quhilk to me schelter gaif ;

Ther vexit, perplexit,
I leint me doun to weip,
In breif ther, with grief ther
I dottard owre in sleip.

Heir Somnus in his silent hand
Held all my sences at command,

Quhile I forgot my cair ;

The myldest meid of mortall wichts
 Quha pass in piece the private nichts,
 That wauking finds it rare ;
 Sae in saft slumbers did I ly,
 But not my wakryfe mynd,
 Quhilk still stood watch, and couth espy
 A man with aspeck kynd,
 Richt auld lyke, and bauld lyke,
 With baird thre quarters skant,
 Sae braif lyke, and graif lyke,
 He seimt to be a sanct.

Grit daring dartit frae his ee,
 A braid-sword schogled at his thie,
 On his left arm a targe ;
 A shinand speir filld his richt-hand,
 Of stalwart mak, in bane and bawnd,
 Of just proportions large ;
 A various rainbow-colourt plaid
 Owre his left spawl he threw,
 Doun his braid back, frae his quhyte heid,
 The silver wymplers grew ;
 Amaisit, I gaisit
 To se, led at command,
 A strampant and rampant
 Ferss lyon in his hand ;

Quhilk held a thistle in his paw,
 And round his collar graift I saw
 This poesie pat and plain,

Nemo me impune lacess-
-Et:—In Scots, Nane sall oppress
Me, unpunisit with pain;
 Still schaking, I durst naithing say,
 Till he with kynd accent
 Sayd, Fere, let nocht thy hait affray,
 I cum to heir thy plaint;
 Thy graining and maining
 Haith laitlie reik'd myne eir,
 Debar then affar then
 All eiryness or feir;

For I am ane of a hie station,
 The Warden of this auntient nation,
 And can nocht do thee wrang;
 I vissyt him then round about,
 Syne with a resolution stout,
 Spierd, Quhair he had been sae lang?
 Quod he, Althocht I sum forsuke,
 Beacaus they did me slicht,
 To hills and glens I me betuке,
 To them that luves me richt;
 Quhase mynds zet inclynds zet
 To damn the rappid spate,
 Devysing and prysing
 Freidom at ony rate.

Our trechour peirs thair tyranns treit,
 Quha jib them, and thair substance eit,
 And on thair honour stramp;

The puire degenerate ! bend thair baks,
 The victor, Langshanks, proudly cracks
 He has blawn out our lamp :
 Quihyle trew men, sair complainand, tell,
 With sobs, thair silent greif,
 How Baliol their richts did sell,
 With smal howp of relief ;
 Regretand and fretand
 Ay at his cursit plot,
 Quha rammed and crammed
 That bargain down thair throt.

Braif gentrie sweir, and burghers ban,
 Revenge is muttert by ilk clan
 That's to their nation trew ;
 The cloysters cum to cun the evil,
 Mail-payers wiss it to the devil,
 With its contryving crew.
 The hardy, wald with heirty wills,
 Upon dyre vengeance fall ;
 The fechless fret owre heuchs and hills,
 And eccho answers all,
 Repetand and gretand,
 With mony a sair alace,
 For blasting and casting
 Our honour in disgrace.

Waes me ! quod I, our case is bad,
 And mony of us are gane mad,
 Sen this disgraceful paction ;

We are felld and herryt now by forse,
And hardly help fort, that's zit warse,

We are sae forsfairn with faction.

Then has not he gude cause to grumble,
That's forst to be a slaif?

Oppression dois the judgment jumble,
And gars a wyse man raif.

May cheins then, and pains then
Infernal be thair hyre,
Quha dang us, and flang us,
Into this ugsum myre.

Then he, with bauld forbidding luke
And staitly air, did me rebuke,

For being of sprite sae mein :

Said he, Its far beneath a Scot
To use weak curses, quhen his lot

May sumtymis sour his splein ;

He rather sould, mair lyke a man,
Some braif design attempt ;

Gif its not in his pith, what than !

Rest but a quhayle content,

Nocht feirfull, but cheirful,

And wait the will of Fate,

Which mynds to, desynds to,

Renew zour auntient state.

I ken sum mair than ze do all
Of quhat sall afterward befall,

In mair auspicious tymes ;

For often, far abuse the mune,
 We watching beings do convene,
 Frae round eard's utmost clymes,
 Quhair evry Warden represents
 Cleirly his nation's case,
 Gif famine, pest, or sword torments,
 Or vilains hie in place,
 Quha keip ay, and heip ay,
 Up to themselves grit store,
 By rundging and spunging
 The leil laborious puire.

Say then, said I, at zour hie state,
 Lernt ze oucht of auld Scotland's fate,
 Gif eir schoil be her sell?
 With smyle celest, quod he, I can,
 But its nocht fit an mortall man
 Sould ken all I can tell:
 But part to the I may unfold,
 And thou may saifly ken,
 Quhen Scottish peers slight Saxon gold,
 And turn trew heartit men;
 Quhen knaivrie and slaivrie
 Ar equally dispysd,
 And loyalte, and royalte,
 Universalie are prysd.

Quhen all zour trade is at a stand,
 And cunzie clene forsaiks the land,
 Quhilk will be very sune,

Will priests without thair stypands preich ?
For noucht will lawyers causes streich,

Faith thatis nae sac easy dune.

All this, and mair maun cum to pass,

To cleir zour glamourit sicht ;

And Scotland maun be maid an ass,

To set hir judgment richt.

Theyil jade hir, and blad hir,

Until scho brak hir tether,

Thoch auld schois, zit bauld schois,

And teuch lyke barkit lether.

But mony a corse sall braithless ly,
And wae sall mony a widow cry,

Or all rin richt again ;

Owr Cheviot, prancing proudly north,
The faes sall tak the field near Forth,

And think the day thair ain ;

But burns that day sall ryn with blude

Of them that now oppress ;

Thair carcasses be corbys' fude,

By thousands on the gress.

A king then sall ring then

Of wyse renoun and braif,

Quhase puisans and sapiens

Sall richt restoir and saif.

The view of freidomis sweit, quod I,
O say, grit tannent of the skye,
How neiris that happy tyme ?

We ken things but be circumstans :
 Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
 Lest I commit a cryme.
 Quhat eir ye pleis, gae on, quod I,
 I sall not fash ze moir,
 Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,
 As ye did hint befoir.
 With air then sae fair then,
 That glanst like rais of glory,
 Sae godlyk and oddlyk
 He thus resumit his storie.

Fiae the sunis rysing to his sett,
 All the pryme rait of Wardens met,
 In solemn bricht array,
 With vechicles of aither cleir ;
 Sic we put on quhen we appeir
 To sauls rowit up in clay ;
 Ther in a wyd and splendid hall,
 Reird up with shynand beims,
 Quhais rufe-tries were of rainbows all,
 And paift with starrie gleims,
 Quhilk prinkled and twinkled
 Brichtly beyont compair
 Much famed, and named
 A castill in the ayr ;

In the midst of quhilk a tabill stude,
 A spacious oval, reid as blude,
 Made of a fyre-flaucht,

Arround the dazeling walls were drawn,
 With rays, be a celestial hand,
 Full mony a curious draught.
 Inferiour beings flew in haist,
 Without gyde or derectour,
 Millions of myles throch the wyld waist,
 To bring in bowlis of nectar :
 Then roundly and soundly
 We drank lyk Roman gods ;
 Qulien Jove sae dois rove sae,
 That Mars and Bacchus nods.

Quhen Phebus' heid turns licht as cork,
 And Neptune leans upon his fork,
 And limpand Vulcan blethers :
 Quhen Pluto glows as he were wyld,
 And Cupid, luves wee wingit chyld,
 Fals down and fyls his fethers.
 Quhen Pan forgets to tune his reid,
 And flings it cairless bye,
 And Hermes, wingd at heils and heid,
 Can nowther stand nor lye :
 Quhen staggirand and swaggirand,
 They stoyer hame to sleip,
 Quhyle centeries at enteries
 Immortall watches keip.

Thus we tuke in the hich brown liquour,
 And bangd about the nectar biquour,
 But evir with this ods,

We neir in drink our judgments drensch,
Nor scour about to seik a wensch

Lyk these auld baudy gods ;
But franklie at ilk uther ask,
Quhats proper we suld know,
How ilk ane has performt the task,
Assignd to him below.

Our mynd then, sac kynd then,
Is fixt upon our care,
Ay noting and ploting
Quhat tends to thair weifair.

Gothus and Vandall baith lukt bluff,
Quhyle Gallus sneerd and tuke a snuff,

Quhilk made Allmane to stare ;
Latinus bad him naithing feir,
But lend his hand to haly weir,

And of cowd crouns tak care ;
Batavius with his paddock-face
Luking asquint, cry'd, Pisch !
Zour monks are void of sence or grace,

I had leur ficht for fisch ;
Your schule-men ar fule-men,
Carvit out for dull debates,
Decoying and destroying
Baith monarchies and states.

Iberus, with a gurlie nod,
Cry'd, “ Hogan, zes, we ken zour God,
Its herrings ye adore.”

Heptarchus, as he used to be,
 Can nocht with his ain thochts agre,
 But varies bak and fore ;
 Ane quhile he says, It is not richt
 A monarch to resist ;
 Neist braif all ryal powir will slicht,
 And passive homage jest :
 He hitches and fitches
 Betwein the *hic* and *hoc*,
 Ay jieand and fleand
 Round lyk a wedder-cock :

I still support my precedens
 Abune them all, for sword and sens,
 Thoch I haif layn richt lown,
 Quhilk was, becaus I bure a grudge
 As sum fulle Scotis, quha lykd to drudge
 To princes no thair awin ;
 Sum Thanis their tennants pykit and squeist,
 And pursit up all thair rent,
 Syne wallopit to far courts, and bleist,
 Till riggs and schaws war spent ;
 Syne byndging, and whyndging,
 Quhen thus redusit to howps,
 They dander and wander
 About, puire misanthrowps.

But now its tyme for me to draw
 My shynand sword against club-law,
 And gar my lyon roir ;

He soll or lang gie sic a sound,
 The eccho soll be heard around
 Europe frae schore to schore ;
 Then let them gadder all thair strength,
 And strave to wirk my fall,
 Thoch numerous, zit at the lenth
 I will owrcum them all,
 And raise zit and blaze zit
 My braifrie and renown,
 By gracing and placing
 Arlyt the Scottis crown.

Quhen my braif Bruce the same soll weir
 Upon his ryal heid, full cleir
 The diadem will shyne ;
 Then soll zour sair oppression ceis,
 His intrest zours he will not fleice,
 Or leif zou eir inclyne :
 Thoch millions to his purse be lent,
 Ye'll neir the puirer be,
 But rather Ritcher, quhyle its spent
 Within the Scottis se :
 The field then soll yield then
 To honest husbands welth,
 Gude laws then soll cause then
 A sickly state haif helth.

Quhyle thus he talkit, methocht ther came
 A wondir fair ethereal dame,
 And to our Warden sayd,

Grit Callidon, I cum in serch
 Of zou, frae the hich starry aich,
 The counsill wants zour aid ;
 Frae every quarter of the sky,
 As swift as a quhirl-wind,
 With spirits' speid the chiestains hy,
 Sum grit thing is desyngd.

Owre muntains, be fountains,
 And round ilk fairy ring,
 I have chaist ye, O haist ye,
 They talk about zour King.

With that my hand methocht he schuke,
 And wischt I happyness micht bruke,
 To eild by nicht and day,
 Syne quicker than an arrow's flicht,
 He mountit upwards frae my sicht,
 Straicht to the Milkie Way ;
 My mynd him followit throw the skyes,
 Untill the brynie streme,
 For joy, ran trickling frae myne eyes,
 And wakit me frae my dreme ;
 Then peiping, half sleiping,
 Frae furth my rural beild,
 It eisit me, and plesit me,
 To se and smell the feild.

For Flora in her clene array,
 New washen with a showir of May,
 Lukit full sweet and fair ;

Quhile hir cleir husband frae abuif
Sched doun his rayis of genial luve,
Hir sweits perfumit the ayr ;
The wynds war husht, the welkin cleird,
The glumand clouds war fled,
And all as saft and gay appeird
As ane Elysian sched ;
Quhil heisit and bleisit
My heart with sic a fyre,
As raises these praises,
That do to heaven aspyre.

THE EAGLE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

THE prince o' a' the fetherit kind,
That wi' spread wings out-flies the wind,
An' tow'rs far out o' human sicht
To view the shynand orb of licht ;
This ryall bird, tho' braif an' great,
An' armit strang for stern debait,
Nae tyrant is, but condescends
Aftymes to treit inferior friends.

Ane day at his command did flock
To his hie palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk various size
That swiftly swim in chrystal skies ;

Thither the valiant Tersals doup,
 An' here rapacious Corbies croup,
 Wi' greidy Gleds an' slie Gormahs,
 An' dinsome Pyis an' clatterin Daws ;
 Proud Pecocks, an' a hundred mae,
 Bruscht up their pens that solemn day.
 Bow'd first submissive to my Lord,
 Then tuke their places at his borde.

Meintime, quhile feisting on a fawn,
 An' drinking bluid frae Lammies drawn,
 A tunefull Robin, trig an zung,
 Hard by upon a bour-tree sung.
 He sang the Eagle's ryall lyne,
 His persing ee an' richt divyne
 To sway out-owre the fetherit thrang,
 Quha dreid his martial bill an' fang :
 His flicht sublime, an' eild renewit,
 His mind with clemencie endewit ;
 In safter notes he sang his luve,
 Mair hie his beiring bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird, with blythness heard
 The chanting litil silvan bard,
 Calit up a Buzart who was then
 His favourite an' chamberlane.
 "Swith to my treasury," quod he,
 "An' to zon canty Robin gie
 As meikle o' our current geir
 As may mentain him thro' the zeir ;
 We can weel spair't, an' it's his due."
 He bad, an' furth the Buzart flew,

Straight to the brench quhair Robin sung,
An' wi' a wicket leand tung,
Said, " Ah ! ze sing sae dull an' ruch,
Ze haif deivt our lungs mair than enuch.
Her Majestie has a nyse eir,
An' nae mair o' zour stuff can beir ;
Poke up zour pypes, be nae mair sene
At court, I warn ze as a frien'."

He spak, quhyle Robinis swelling breist,
An' drouping wings his greif confess,
The teirs ran happing doun his cheik,
Grit grew his hairt, he cou'd nocht speik.
Nor for the tinsell o' reward,
But that his notis met nae regaird ;
Straight to the schaw he spred his wing,
Resolvit again nae mair to sing,
Quhair princelie bountie is supprest,
By sic with quhome they are opprest,
Quha cannot beir (because they want it)
Thatocht suld be to merit grantit.

Quod. AR. SCOT.

(*Sc. ALLAN RAMSAY, Scotus.*)

V.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

Imitations of Horace.

CAR. I. I.

DALHOUSIE of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoup, and ornament,
For entertainment a wee while,
Accept this sonnet wi' a smile ;
Setting great Horace in my view,
He to Mecenas, I to you ;
But that my muse may sing wi' ease,
I'll keep or drap him as I please.

How differently are folk inclin'd,
There's hardly twa of the same mind :
Some like to study, some to play,
Some on the links to win the day,
An' gar the courser rin like wud,
A' drappin down wi' sweat an' blood :
The winner syne assumes a look
Might gain a monarch or a duke.

Neist view the man with pauky face
 IIas mounted to a fashious place,
 Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling fate,
 He's pleas'd with his uneasy state :
 Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fu' braw,
 'Till frae his kittle post he fa'.

The Lothian farmer he likes best
 To be of good saugh riggs possest,
 An' fen upon a frugal stock,
 Where his forbears had us'd the yoke ;
 Nor is he fond to leave his wark,
 An' venture in a rotten bark,
 Syne unto far aff countries steer,
 On tumbling waves, to gather gear.

The merchant wreck'd upon the main,
 Swear's he'll ne'er venture on't again ;
 That he had rather live on cakes,
 An' shyrest swats, wi' landart maiks,
 As rin the risk by storms to have,
 When he is dead, a living grave.
 But seas turn smooth an' he grows fain,
 An' fairly taks his word again,
 Tho' he shou'd to the bottom sink ;
 Of poverty he downa think.

Some like to laugh their time away,
 To dance while pipes or fiddles play,
 An' hae nae sense o' ony want
 As lang as they can drink an' rant.

The rattling drum an' trumpet's tout
 Delight young swankies that are stout :

What his kind frightened mother ugs,
Is music to the soger's lugs.

The hunter, wi' his hounds an' hawks,
Bangs up before his wife awakes ;
Nor spears gin she has ought to say,
But scours o'er heighs an' howes a' day,
Thro' moss an' muir, nor does he care
Whether the day be foul or fair,
If he his trusty hounds can cheer
To hunt the tod or drive the deer.

May I be happy in my lays,
An' won a lasting wreath o' bays,
Is a' my wish ; well-pleas'd to sing
Beneath a tree, or by a spring,
While lads an' lasses on the mead
Attend my Caledonian reed,
An' with the sweetest notes rehearse
My thoughts, and roose me for my verse.

If you, my Lord, class me amang
Those who have sung baith saft an' strang.
O' smiling love or doughty deed,
To starns sublime I'll lift my head.

CAR. I. 3.

O CYPRIAN goddess, twinkle clear,
An' Helen's brithers ay appear ;
Ye stars wha shed a lucky light,
Auspicious ay keep in a sight ;

King Eol grant a tydie tirl,
But boast the blast that rudely whirl :
Dear ship, be canny wi' your care,
At Athens land my Virgil fair,
Syne soon an' safe, baith lith an' spaul,
Bring hame the tae hauf o' my saul.

Daring an' unco stout he was,
Wi' heart hool'd in three sloughs o' brass,
Wha ventur'd first on the rough sea,
Wi' hempen branks, an' horse o' tree :
Wha in the weak machine durst ride
Thro' tempests, an' a rairing tide ;
Nor clinty craigs, nor hurricanc,
That drives the Adriatic main,
An' gars the ocean gowl an' quake,
Cou'd e'er a soul sae sturdy shake.
The man wha cou'd sic rubs win o'er,
Without a wink at death might glowr,
Wha unconcern'd can tak his sleep
Amang the monsters o' the deep.

Jove vainly twin'd the sea an' card,
Since mariners are not afraid,
Wi' laws o' nature to dispense,
An' impiously treat Providence.
Audacious men at nought will stand,
When vicious passions hae command.
Prometheus ventur'd up, an' staw
A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha' ;
Unsonsy thift, which fevers brought
In bikes, which souk like sybows hought :

Then death erst slaw began to ling,
An' fast as haps to dart his sting.
Neist Dedalus must contradict
Nature, forsooth, an' feathers stick
Upon his back, syne upward streek,
An' in at Jove's high winnocks keek,
While Hercules, wi's timmer mell,
Plays rap upo' the yates o' hell.

What is't man winna ettle at ?
E'en wi' the gods he'll bell the cat ;
Tho' Jove be very laith to kill,
They winna let his bowt lye still.

CAR. I. 4.

Now gowans sprout, an' lavrocks sing,
An' welcome wast winds warm the spring,
O'er hill an' dale they saftly blaw,
An' drive the winter's cauld awa.
The ships, lang gyzen'd at the peer,
Now spread their sails, an' smoothly steer ;
The nags an' nowt hate wissen'd strae,
An' frisking to the fields they gae ;
Nor hynds wi' elson an' hemp lingle,
Sit solling shoon out o'er the ingle.
Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,
That late were clade wi' snaw an' frost ;
Wi' her gay train the Paphian Queen,

By moon-light dances on the green,
She leads, while Nymphs an' Graces sing,
An' trip around the fairy ring ;
Meantime, poor Vulcan, hard at thirst,
Gets mony a sair an' heavy list,
Whilst rinnin' down, his hauf blind lads
Blaw up the fire, an' thump the gads.

Now leave your fit-sted on the dew,
An' busk yoursell in habit new.
Be gratefu' to the guiding pow'rs,
An' blythely spend your easy hours.
O canny F—— ! tutor time,
An' live as lang's ye'r in your prime ;
That ill-bred death has nae regard
To king, or cottar, or a laird ;
As soon a castle he'll attack,
As wa's o' divots roof'd wi' thack,
Immediately we'll a' tak flight
Unto the mirky realms o' night,
As stories gang, wi' ghaists to roam,
In glomie Pluto's gousty dome ;
Bid fair guid-day to pleasure syne,
O' bonny lasses an' red wine ;

Then deem ilk little care a crime,
Daurs waste an hour o' precious time ;
An' since our life's sae unco short,
Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.

CAR I, 2.

LOOK up to Pentland's tow'ring taps,
Buried beneath big wreaths o' snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar an' slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
There's no ae gowser to be seen ;
Nor douser fouk, wysing a-jee
The byas bous on Tamson's green.

'Then fling on coals, an' ripe the ribs,
An' beek the house baith butt an' ben ;
That mutchkin-stoup it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Guid claret best keeps out the cauld,
An' drives awa the winter soon ;
It maks a man baith gash an' bauld,
An' heaves his saul ayont the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care ;
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth o' blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they hae a mind to do,
That will they do, shou'd we gang wud ;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstanes thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, Be quiet,
 The blatt'ring winds daur nae mair move,
 But cour into their caves, an' wait
 The high command o' supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
 The present minute's only ours ;
 On pleasure let's employ our wit,
 An' laugh at fortune's feckless pow'rs.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
 O' ilka joy whan ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 An' lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe an' heartsome time ;
 Then, lads an' lasses, while it's May,
 Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither an' decay.

Watch the saft minutes o' delyte,
 Whan Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 An' kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 An' hide hersell in some dark nook ;

Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Whare lies the happiness you want,
 An' plainly tells you to your face,
 Nineteen nay-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 An' sweetly toolie for a kiss,
 Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
 As taiken o' a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
 Are o' the gods' indulgent grant ;
 Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.

CAR. I. 18.

O BINNY, cou'd thae fields o' thine
 Bear, as in Gaul, the juicy vine,
 How sweet the bonny grape wad shine
 On wa's, whare now
 Your apricock an' peaches fine
 Their branches bow.

Since human life is but a blink,
 Then why shou'd we its short joys sink :
 He disna live that canna link
 The glass about ;
 Whan warm'd wi' wine, like men we think,
 An' grow mair stout.

The cauldrie carlies, clogged wi' care,
 Wha gath'ring gear gang hyt an' gare,
 If rammed wi' red, they rant an' rair
 Like mirthfu' men ;
 It soothly shaws them they can spare
 A rowth to spen'.

What soger, whan wi' wine he's bung,
 Did e'er complain he had been dung,
 Or o' his toil, or empty spung ;
 Na, o'er his glass,
 Nought but braw deeds employ his tonguc,
 Or some sweet lass.

Yet trouth, its proper we shou'd stint
 Oursells to a fresh mod'rate pint ;
 Why shou'd we the blythe blessing mint
 To waste or spill,
 Since, aften, whan our reason's tint,
 We may do ill.

Let's set thae hair-brain'd fouk in view,
 That whan they're stupid, mad, an' fou,
 Do brutal deeds, which aft they rue
 For a' their days,
 Which frequently prove very few
 To such as these.

Then let us grip our bliss mair sicker,
 An' tak our heal an' sprightly liquor,

Which sober taen maks wit the quicker,
 An' sense mair keen ;
 While graver heads, that's muckle thicker,
 Grane wi' the spleen.

May ne'er sic wicked fumes arise,
 In me that break a' sacred ties,
 An' gar me like a fool despise,
 Wi' stiffness rude,
 Whatever my best friends advise,
 Tho' ne'er so guid.

It's best then to evite the sin
 O' bending till our sauls gae blin',
 Lest, like our glass, our breasts grow thin,
 An' let foul peep
 At ilka secret hid within,
 That we shou'd keep.

CAR. I. 31.

FRAE great Apollo, poets say,
 What is thy wish, what wadst thou hae,
 Whan thou bows at his shrine ?
 Not Carse o' Gowrie's fertile field,
 Nor a' the flocks the Grampians yield,
 That are baith sleek an' fine :
 Not costly things brought frae afar,
 As iv'ry, pearl, an' gems ;
 Nor those fair straths, that water'd are
 Wi' Tay an' Tweed's smooth streamis,

Which gently, and daintily
 Eat down the flow'ry braes,
 As greatly, an' quietly,
 They wimple to the seas.

Whaever be his canny fate
 Is master o' a guid estate,
 That can ilk thing afford,
 Let him enjoy't withoutten care,
 An' wi' the wale o' curious fare
 Cover his ample board.
 Much dawted by the gods is he,
 Wha to the Indian plain
 Successfu' ploughs the wally sea,
 An' safe returns again
 Wi' riches, that hitches
 Him high aboon the rest
 O' sma' souk, an' a' souk
 That are wi' poortith prest.

For me, I can be weel content
 To eat my bannock on the bent,
 An' kitchen't wi' fresh air ;
 O' lang-kail I can mak a feast,
 An' cantily haud up my creest,
 An' laugh at dishes rare.
 Nought frae Apollo I demand,
 But thro' a lengthen'd life,
 My outer fabric firm may stand,
 An' saul clear without strife.

May he then but gie then
Those blessings for my skair,
I'll fairly, an' squairly,
Quit a', an' seek nae mair.

EPIST. I. 20.

DEAR vent'rous book, e'en tak thy will,
An' scowp around the warld thy fill :
Wow ! ye're newfangle to be seen,
In gilded Turkey clad, an' clean.
Daft giddy thing ! to daur thy fate,
An' spang o'er dykes that scar the blate ;
But mind when ance ye're to the bent,
(Altho' in vain) ye may repent.
Alake ! I'm fley'd thou aften meet
A gang that will thee sourly treat,
An' ca' thee dull for a' my pains,
When damps distress their drouzie brains.
I dinna doubt, whilst thou art new,
Thou'l favour find frae not a few ;
But when thou'rt ruffl'd an' forfairn,
Sair thumb'd by ilka coof or bairn ;
Then, then by age ye may grow wise,
An' ken things common gie nae price.
I'd fret, waes me ! to see thee lie
Beneath the bottom o' a pye ;
Or cow'd out, page by page, to wrap
Up snuff, or sweeties in a shap.

Awa sic fears, gae spread my fame,
An' fix me an immortal name ;
Ages to come shall thee revive,
An' gar thee wi' new honours live.
The future critics, I foresee,
Shall hae their notes on notes on thee :
The wits unborn shall beauties find
That never enter'd in my mind.

Now, when thou tells how I was bred
But hough eneugh to a mean trade ;
To balance that, pray let them ken
My saul to higher pitch cou'd sten' ;
An' when ye shaw I'm scarce o' gear,
Gar a' my virtues shine mair clear.
Tell, I the best an' fairest please,
A little man that looses my ease,
An' never thole these passions lang,
That rudely mint to do me wrang.

Gin ony want to ken my age,
See *Anno Dom.** on title-page ;
This year, when springs by care an' skill
The spacious leaden conduits fill,
An' first flow'd up the Castle-hill ;
When South Sea projects cease to thrive,
An' only North Sea seems alive,
Tell them your author's thirty-five.

* The first edition of his Poems was published in 1720.

VI.

ENGLISH POEMS.

English Poems.

ON RECEIVING SOME FRUIT FROM A LADY.

Now, Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
For I can blythly boast with thee—
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

TO MR. POPE.

THREE times I've read your Iliad o'er ;
The first time pleas'd me *well* ;
New beauties, unobserv'd before,
Next pleas'd me *better* still.

Again I try'd to find a flaw,
Examin'd ilka line ;
The third time pleas'd me *best* of a',
The labour seem'd divine.

Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate
On dazzling rays to stare,
Lest I shou'd tine dear self-conceit,
An' read an' write nae mair.

FROM "THE MORNING INTERVIEW."

WHEN from debauch, with sp'rituous juice oppress,
The sons of Bacchus stagger home to rest,
With tatted wigs, foul shoes, and uncock'd hats,
And all bedaub'd with snuff their loose cravats.
The sun began to sip the morning dew,
As Damon from his restless pillow flew.

Fatigu'd with running errands all the day,
Happy in want of thought his valet lay,
Recruiting strength with sleep——His master calls,
He starts with lock'd up eyes, and beats the walls.
A second thunder rouses up the sot,
He yawns, and murmurs curses thro' his throat :
Stockings awry, and breeches knees unlac'd,
And buttons do mistake their holes for haste.
His master raves,—cries, Roger, make dispatch,
Time flies apace. He frown'd, and look'd his watch ;
Haste do my wig, ty't with the careless knots,
And run to Civet's, let him fill my box.
Go to my laundress, see what makes her stay,
And call a coach and barber in your way.

Thus orders justle orders in a throng :
 Roger with laden mem'ry trots along.
 His errands done ; with brushes next he must
 Renew his toil amidst perfuming dust ;
 The yielding comb he leads with artful care,
 Thro' crook'd meanders of the flaxen hair :
 E'er this perform'd he's almost choak'd to death,
 The air is thicken'd, and he pants for breath.
 The trav'ller thus in the Numidian plains,
 A conflict with the driving sands sustains.

Two hours are past, and Damon is equipt,
 Pensive he stalks, and meditates the fight :
 Arm'd *cap-a-pee*, in dress a killing beau,
 Thrice view'd his glass, and thrice resolv'd to go.

Where Aulus oft makes law for justice pass,
 And CHARLES's statue stands in lasting brass,
 Amidst a lofty square which strikes the sight,
 With spacious fabrics of stupendous height ;
 Whose sublime roofs in clouds advance so high,
 They seem the watch-tow'rs of the nether sky ;
 Where once, alas ! where once the three estates
 Of Scotland's parliament held free debates :
 Here Celia dwelt, and here did Damon move,
 Press'd by his rigid fate, and raging love.

To her apartment straight the daring swain
 Approach'd, and softly knock'd, nor knock'd in
 vain.

The nymph, new wak'd, starts from the lazy down,
 And rolls her gentle limbs in morning gown :
 But half awake, she judges it must be

Frankalia come to take her morning tea ;
Cries, Welcome, cousin. But she soon began
To change her visage when she saw a man :
Her unfix'd eyes with various turnings range,
And pale surprise to modest red exchange :
Doubtful, 'twixt modesty and love, she stands,
Then ask'd the bold impudent's demands.

TO SIR JOHN CLERK,

On the Death of his Son.

If tears can ever be a duty found,
'Tis when the death of dear relations wound ;
Then you must weep, you have too just a ground.

A son, whom all the good and wise admired,
Shining with every grace to be desired,
Raised high your joyful hopes—and then retired !

By his great Author man was sent below,
Some things to learn, great pains to undergo,
To fit him for what further he's to know.

This end obtained without regarding time,
He calls the soul home to its native clime,
To happiness and knowledge more sublime.

Perform'd the task of man so well, so soon,
He reached the sea of bliss before his noon,
And to his memory lasting laurels won.

When life's tempestuous billows ceased to roar,
And ere his broken vessel was no more,
His soul serenely viewed the heavenly shore.

Bravely resigned, obeying fate's command,
He fixed his eyes on the immortal land,
Where crowding seraphs reached him out the hand.

Think, in the world of sp'rits, with how much joy
His tender mother would receive her boy,
Where fate no more their union can destroy.

His good grandsire, who lately went to rest,
How fondly would he clasp him to his breast,
And welcome him to regions of the blest !

From us, 'tis true, his youthful sweets are gone,
Which may plead for our weakness when we moan ;
The loss, indeed, is ours, he can have none.

Thus sailors, with a crazy vessel crost,
Expecting every minute to be lost,
With weeping eyes behold a sunny coast,

Thus your loved youth, whose bright aspiring mind
Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,
Sailed down the stream of life before the wind.

Where happy landsmen safely breathe the air,
Bask in the sun, or to cool shades repair,
They longing sigh, and wish themselves were there.

Then grieve no more, nor vex yourself in vain,
To latest age the character maintain
You now possess, you'll find your son again.

VII.

EPISTLES.

Epistles.



FIRST EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HAMILTON
OF GILBERTFIELD.

EDINBURGH, July 10, 1719.

SONSE fa' me, witty, wanton Willy,
Gin blyth I was nae as a filly :
Nor a fow pint, nor short-hought gilly,
Or wine that's better,
Cou'd please sae meikle, my dear billy,
As thy kind letter.

Before a lord, and eik a knight
In gossy Don's be candle light,
There first I saw't, an' ca'd it right,
An' the maist feck
Wha's seen't sinsyne, they ca'd as tight
As that on Heck.

Ha, heh ! thought I, I canna say
 But I may cock my nose the day,
 When Hamilton, the bauld an' gay,
 Lends me a heezy,
 In verse that slides sae smooth away,
 Weel tell'd an' easy.

Sae roos'd by ane o' weel kend mettle,
 Nae sma' did my ambition pettle,
 My canker'd critics it will nettle,
 An' e'en sae be't :
 This month I'm sure I winna settle,
 Sae proud I'm wi't.

When I begoud first to cun verse,
 An' cou'd your Ardry Whins rehearse,
 Where Bonny Heck ran fast an' fierce,
 it warm'd my breast ;
 Then emulation did me pierce,
 Whilk since ne'er ceast.

May I be ticket wi' a bittle,
 Gin of your numbers I think little ;
 Ye're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,
 But blyth an' gabby ;
 An' hit the spirit to a tittle,
 O' standart Habby.

Ye'll quat your quill ! that were ill-willy,
 Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye will ye,
 O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,
 An' ga' ye sour,

Then up an' war them a' yet, Willy,
 'Tis in your pow'r.

To knit up dollars in a clout,
 An' then to eard them round about,
 Syne to tell up, they downa lout
 To lift the gear;

The malison lights on that rout,
 Is plain an' clear.

The chiels o' London, Cam, an' Ox'
 Hae rais'd up great poetic stocks
 O' Rapes, o' Buckets, Sarks, an' Locks,
 While we neglect
 To shaw their betters. This provokes
 Me to reflect

On the lear'd days o' Gawn Dunkell ;
 Our country then a tale cou'd tell,
 Europe had nane mair snack an' snell
 At verse or prose ;
 Our kings were poets too themsell,
 Bauld an' jocose.

To Edinburgh, Sir, whene'er ye come,
 I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
 Were't frae the gill-bells to the drum *
 An' tak a bout,
 An' faith I hope we'll no sit dumb,
 Nor yet cast out.

* From noon till ten p.m.

SECOND EPISTLE TO THE SAME.

EDINBURGH, *August 4, 1719.*

DEAR HAMILTON, ye'll turn me dyver,
 My muse sae bonny ye descrie her :
 Ye blaw her sae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,
 For wi' a whid,
 Gin ony higher up ye drive her,
 She'll rin red-wood.

Said I. “ Whish’t, quoth the vougy jade,
 William’s a wise, judicious lad,
 Has havins mair than e’er ye had,
 Ill-bred bog-stalker ;
 But me ye ne’er sae crouse had craw’d,
 Ye poor skull-thacker.

“ It sets you weel indeed to gadge !
 E’er I t’ Apollo did ye gadge,
 An’ got ye on his honour’s badge,
 Ungratefu’ beast,
 A Glasgow capon an’ a fadge*
 Ye thought a feast.

“ Swith to Castalia’s fountain-brink,
 Dad down a grouf an’ tak a drink,
 Sync whisk out paper, pen, an’ ink,
 An’ do my bidding ;
 Be thanksfu’, else I’se gar ye stink
 Yet on a midding ”

* A salt herring and a coarse roll.

“ My mistress dear, your servant humble,”
 Said I, “ I shou’d be laith to drumble
 Your passions, or e’er gar ye grumble ;
 ‘Tis ne’er be me
 Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil
 Your poetrie.”

Frae what I’ve tell’d, my friend may learn
 How sadly I hae been forfairn,
 I’d better been ayont side Kairn-
 amount,* I trow ;
 I’ve kiss’d the taws, like a guid bairn,—
 Now, Sir, to you.

Heal be your heart, gay couthie carle,
 Lang may ye help to toom a barrel :
 Be thy crown ay unclowr’d in quarrel,
 When thou inclines
 To knoit thrawn-gabbit sumphs that snarl
 At our frank lines.

Ilk guid chiel says, ye’re weel worth gowd,
 An’ blythness on ye’s weel bestow’d,
 ‘Mang witty Scots your name’s be row’d,
 Ne’er fame to tine ;
 The crooked clinkers shall be cow’d,
 But ye shall shine.

* A hill in the north of Scotland.

Set out the burnt side o' your shin,*
 For pride in poets is nae sin ;
 Glory's the prize for which they rin,
 An' fame's their jo ;
 An' wha blaws best the horn shall win :
 An' wherefore no ?

Quisquis vocabit nos vain glorious,
 Shaws scanter skill than *malos mores*,
Multi et magni men before us
 Did stamp and swagger,
Probatum est, exemplum Horace
 Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofarts, fash'd wi' spleen,
 Cast up the wrang side o' their een,
 Pegh, fry, an' girn, wi' spite an' teen,
 An' fa' a flyting ;
 Laugh, for the lively lads will screen
 Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypsies dinna spung us,
 An' foreign whiskers ha'e nae dung us ;
 Gin I can snifter thro' mundungus,
 Wi' boots an' belt on,
 I hope to see you at St. Mungo's †
 Atween an' Beltan, ‡

* As if one would say, "Walk with your toes out." An expression used when one would bid a person (merrily) look brisk.

† Glasgow.

‡ Between this and May-day.

THIRD EPISTLE TO THE SAME.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 2, 1719.

MY TRUSTY TROJAN,
THY last oration orthodox,
Thy innocent auldfarren jokes,
An' sonsie saw o' three, provokes
Me anes again,
Tod-lowrie like*, to lowse my pocks,
An' pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e read,
I eithly scan the man weel-bred,
An' soger that, where honour led,
Has ventur'd bauld;
Wha now to youngsters leaves the yed,
To 'tend his fauld.

That bangster billy, Cæsar July,
Wha at Pharsalia wan the tooly,
Had better sped, had he mair hooly,
Scamper'd thro' life,
An' midst his glories sheath'd his gully,
An' kiss'd his wife.

Had he, like you, as weel he cou'd,
Upon burn banks the muses woo'd,

* Like Reynard the fox, to betake myself to some more wiles.

Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,
 Wha'd been aboon him ?
 The senate's durks, an' faction loud,
 Had ne'er undone him.

Yet sometimes leave the riggs an' bog,
 Your howms, an' braes, an' shady scrog,
 An' helm-a-lee the claret cog,
 To clear your wit :
 Be blyth, an' let the warld e'en shog,
 As it thinks fit.

Ne'er fash about your neist year's state,
 Nor wi' superior pow'r's debate,
 Nor cantrips cast to ken your fate ;
 There's ills anew
 To cram our days, which soon grow late :
 Let's live just now.

When northern blasts the ocean snurl,
 An' gars the heights an' hows look gurl,
 Then left about the bumper whirl,
 An' toom the horn,
 Grip fast the hours which hasty hurl,
 The morn's the morn.

Thus to Leuconoe sang sweet Flaccus,
 Wha nane e'er thought a gillygapus :
 An' why shou'd we let whimsies bauk us,
 When joy's in season,
 An' thole sae ast the spleen to whauk us
 Out o' our reason ?

Tho' I were laird o' ten-score acres,
 Nodding to jouks o' hallenshakers,
 Yet crush'd wi' humdrums, which the weaker's
 Contentment ruins,
 I'd rather roost wi' causey-rakers,
 An' sup cauld sowens.

I think, my friend, an' fouk can get
 A doll of roast beef pypin hiet,
 An' wi' red wine their wyson wet,
 An' claithing clean,
 An' be nae sick, or drown'd in debt,
 They're no to mean.

I read this verse to my ain kimmer,
 Wha kens I like a leg o' gimmer,
 Or sic an' sic, guid belly-timmer ;
 Quoth she, an' leugh,
 "Sicker o' thae, winter an' simmer,
 Ye're weel eneugh."

My hearty goss, there is nae help,
 But hand to nive we twa maun skelp
 Up Rhine an' Thames, an' o'er the Alp-
 pines an' Pyrenians,
 The cheerfu' carles do sae yelp
 T' hae's their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme sae rare,
 Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,

Sae gash an' gay, gars fouk gae gare *
To hae them by them;
Tho' gaffin they, wi' sides sae sair,
Cry, "Wae gae by him."

Fair fa' that soger did invent
To ease the poets' toil wi' print :
Now, William, we maun to the bent,
An' pouse our fortune,
An' crack wi' lads wha're weel content
Wi' this our sporting.

Gin ony sour-mou'd girning bucky
Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
That we like nags whase necks are yucky,
Hae us'd our teeth ;
I'll answer fine,—Gae kiss your Lucky,†
She dwalls i' Leith.

I ne'er wi' lang tales fash my head,
But when I speak, I speak indeed :
Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
 I'll own I am sae :
An' while my champers can chew bread,
 Yours, ALLAN RAMSAY.

* Make people very earnest.

† It is a cant phrase, made use of when one thinks it is not worth while to give a direct answer.

TO MR. WILLIAM AIKMAN.

'TIS granted, Sir, pains may be spar'd
Your merit to set forth,
When there's sae few wha claim regard,
That disna ken your worth.

Yet poets give immortal fame
To mortals that excell,
Which if neglected they're to blame ;
But you've done that yoursell.

While frae originals o' yours
Fair copies shall be tane,
An' fix'd on brass to busk our bow'rs,
Your mem'ry shall remain.

To your ain deeds the maist deny'd,
Or o' a taste o'er fine,
Maybe ye're but o'er right, afraid
To sink in verse like mine.

The last can ne'er the reason prove,
Else, wherefore with good will
Do ye my nat'ral lays approve,
An' help me up the hill ?

By your assistance unconstrain'd
To courts I can repair,
An' by your art my way I've gain'd
To closets o' the fair.

Had I a muse, like lofty Pope,
 For tow'ring numbers fit,
 Then I th' ingenious mind might hope
 In truest light to hit.

But comic tale, an' sonnet slee,
 Are coosten for my share,
 An' if in these I bear the gree,
 I'll think it very fair.

EDINBURGH'S SALUTATION TO THE MOST
 HON. THE MARQUIS OF CARNARVON.

WELCOME, my Lord, Heav'n be your guide,
 An' furder your intention,
 To whate'er place you sail or ride,
 To brighten your invention.
 The book o' mankind lang an' wide,
 Is weel worth your attention :
 Wherefore, please, sometime here abide,
 An' measure the dimension
 O' minds right stout.

O that ilk worthy British peer
 Wad follow your example,
 My auld grey head I yet wad rear,
 An' spread my skirts mair ample.
 Shou'd London poutch up a' the gear,
 She might spare me a sample :

In troth his Highness shou'd live here,
 For without oil our lamp will
 Gang blinkan out.

Lang syne, my Lord, I had a count,
 An' nobles fill'd my causey ;
 But since I hae been fortune's sport,
 I look nae hauf sae gawsy.
 Yet here brave gentlemen resort,
 An' mony a handsome lassie :
 Now that you're lodg'd within my port,
 Fow weel I wat, they'll a' say,
 Welcome, my Lord.

For you my best cheer I'll produce,
 I'll no mak muckle vaunting ;
 But routh for pleasure an' for use,
 Whatever you be wanting,
 You's hae at will to chap an' chuse,
 For few things am I scant in ;
 The wale of weel-set ruby juice,*
 When you like to be rantin,
 I can afford.

Than I, nor Paris, nor Madrid,
 Nor Rome, I trow's mair able
 To busk you up a better bed,
 Or trim a tighter table.
 My sons are honourably bred,
 To truth and friendship stable ;

* Claret.

What my detracting faes hae said,
 You'll find a feigned fable,
 At the first sight.

May classic lear, an' letters belle,
 An' travelling conspire,
 Ilk unjust notion to repell,
 An' godlike thoughts inspire ;
 That, in ilk action, wise an' snell
 You may shaw manly fire ;
 Sae the fair picture o' himsell,
 Will gie his Grace, your sire,
 Immense delight.

TO MY KIND AND WORTHY FRIENDS IN
 IRELAND,

*Who, on a Report of my Death, made and published
 several Elegies, Lyric and Pastoral, very much to
 my honour.*

SIGHING shepherds o' Hibernia,
 Thank ye for your kind concern a',
 When a fause report beguiling,
 Prov'd a drawback on your smiling ;
 Dight your een, an' cease your grieving,
 Allan's hale, an' weel, an' living,
 Singing, laughing, sleeping soundly,
 Cowing beef, an' drinking roundly ;

Drinking roundly rum an' claret,
Ale and usquae, bumpers fair out,
Supernaculum but spilling,
The least diamond drawing, filling ;
Sowsing sonnets on the lasses,
Hounding satires at the asses ;
Smiling at the surly critics,
An' the pack-horse o' politics ;
Painting meadows, shaws, an' mountains,
Crooking burns an' flowing fountains,
Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan
Grows about the borders glowan,
Swelling sweetly, an' inviting
Poets' lays, an' lovers' meeting ;
Meeting kind to niffer kisses,
Bargaining for better blisses.

Hills in dreary dumps now lying,
An' ye zephyrs swiftly flying,
An' ye rivers gently turning,
An' ye Philomellas mourning,
An' ye double sighing echoes,
Cease your sobbing, tears, an' hey-ho's ;
Banish a' your care an' grieveing,
Allan's hale, an' weel, an' living,
Early up on morning's shining,
Ilka fancy warm refining,
Giving ilka verse a burnish
That maun second volume furnish,
To bring in frae lord an' lady
Meikle fame an' part o' ready ;

Splendid thing o' constant motion,
 Fish'd for in the southern ocean ;
 Prop o' gentry, nerve o' battles ;
 Prize for which the gamester rattles ;
 Belzie's banes, deceitfu', kittie,
 Risking a' to gain a little.
 Pleasing Philip's tunesfu' tickle,
 Philomel, an' kind Arbuckle ;
 Singers sweet, baith lads an' lasses,
 Tuning pipes on hill Parnassus ;
 Allan kindly to you wishes
 Lasting life, an' rowth o' blisses ;
 An' that he may, when ye surrender
 Sauls to heaven, in numbers tender,
 Gie a' your fames a happy heezy,
 An' gratefully immortalize ye.

TO MR. JAMES ARBUCKLE.

As errant-knight, wi' sword an' pistol,
 Bestrides his steed wi' mighty fistle,
 Then stands some time in juinbled swither,
 To ride in this road or that ither ;
 At last spurs on, an' disna care for
 A how, a what way, or a wherefor.
 Thus I bang'd up my blyth auld whistle,
 To sowf ye o'er a short epistle,
 Without rule, compasses, or charcoal,

Or serious study in a dark hole.
Three times I gae the muse a rug,
Then bit my nails, an' claw'd my lug ;
Still heavy, at the last, my nose
I prim'd wi' an inspiring dose,
Then did ideas dance (dear save us !)
As they'd been daft——here ends the preface.

Guid Mr. James Arbuckle, Sir
(That's merchants' style as clean as sir),
Ye're welconie back to Caledonie,
Lang life an' thriving light upon ye,
Harvest, winter, spring, an' summer,
An' ay keep up your heartsome humour,
That ye may thro' your lucky task go,
Of brushing up our sister Glasgow ;
Whar lads are dext'rous at improving,
An' docile lasses fair an' loving ;
But never tent thae fellows girning,
Wha wear their faces ay in mourning,
An' frae pure dullness are malicious,
Terming ilk turn that's witty, vicious,

Now, Jamie, in neist place, *secundo*,
To gi'e you what's your due *in mundo* ;
That is to say, in hame-o'er phrases,
To tell ye men of mettle praises
Ilk verse of yours, whan they can light on't,
An' trouth I think they're in the right on't ;
For there's ay something sae auldsarrant,
Sae slid, sae unconstrain'd, an' darin',
In ilka sample we hae seen yet

That little better e'er has been yet ;
 Sae much for that. My friend Arbuckle,
 I ne'er afore roos'd ane sae muckle.
 Fause flatt'ry nane but fools will tickle,
 That gars me hate it like auld Nicol ;
 But when ane's of his merit conscious,
 He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunshes.

Thirdly, Not tether'd to connexion,
 But rattling by inspir'd direction,
 Whenever fame, with voice like thunder,
 Sets up a chield a warld's wonder,
 Either for slashing fowk to dead,
 Or having wind-mills in his head,
 Or poet, or an airy beau,
 Or ony twa-legg'd rary show ;
 They wha hac never seen't are bisy
 To speer, what like a carlie is he.

Imprimis, Then, for tallness I
 Am five foot an' four inches high ;
 A black-a-vic'd snod dapper fallow,
 Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow ;
 Wi' phiz of a Morocco cut,
 Resembling a late man of wit,
 Auld gabbet Spec,* wha was sae cunning,
 To be a dummie ten years running.

Then, for the fabric of my mind,
 'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd ;
 I rather choose to laugh at folly,
 Than show dislike by melancholy ;

* *The Spectator.*

Well judging a sour heavy face
Is not the truest mark of grace.

I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine an' mutton :
Great tables ne'er engag'd my wishes,
When crowded wi' o'er mony dishes ;
A healthfu' stomach sharply set
Prefers a back-sey pypin het.

I never cou'd imagine't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious ;
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
An' let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occasion thus to show it.

Second of thirdly : Pray tak heed,
Ye's get a short swatch o' my creed :
Weel then, I'm nowther Whig nor Tory,
Nor credit gie to purgatory ;

Neist Anti-Toland, Blunt, an' Whiston,
Know positively I'm a Christian,
Believing truths an' thinking free,
Wishing thrawn parties wad agree.
Say, wad ye ken my gate o' fending,
My income, management, an spending ?
Born to nae lairdship, mair's the pity !
Yet denison o' this fair city,
I mak what honest shift I can,
An' in my ain house am guidman,
Which stands on Edinbrugh's street the sun-side :
Where I theek th' out an' line the inside

O' mony a douse an' witty pass,
 An' baith ways gather in the cash ;
 Contented I hae sic a skair
 As does my bus'ness to a hair,
 An' fain wad prove to ilka Scot
 That poortith's no the poet's lot.

TO THE HON. DUNCAN FORBES, LORD
 ADVOCATE.

SHUT in a closet six foot square,
 No fash'd wi' meikle wealth or care,
 I pass the live-lang day :
 Yet some ambitious thoughts I have,
 Which will attend me to my grave,
 Sic busked baits they lay.

These keep my fancy on the wing,
 Something that's blyth an' snack to sing,
 An' smooth the wrunkled brow ;
 Thus care I happily beguile,
 Hoping a plaudit an' a smile
 Frae best o' men, like you.

You wha in kittle casts o' state,
 Whan property demands debate,
 Can right what is dung wrang ;
 Yet blythly can, whan ye think fit,
 Enjoy your friend an' judge the wit
 An' slidness o' a sang.

How mony, your reverse, unblest,
 Whase minds gae wand'ring thro' a mist,
 Proud as the thief in hell,
 Pretend, forsooth, they're gentle fous,
 'Cause chance gies them o' gear the yowl,
 An' better chiels the shell !

I've seen a wean aft vex itsell,
 An' greet because it was not tall :
 Heez'd on a boord, O then !
 Rejoicing in the artfu' height,
 How smirky look'd the little wight !
 An' thought itsell a man.

Sic bairns are some, blawn up a wee
 Wi' splendour, wealth, an' quality,
 Upon these stilts grown vain ;
 They o'er the pows o' poor souk stride,
 An' neither are to haund nor bide,
 Thinking this height their ain.

Now shou'd ane speer, at sic a puff,
 What gars thee look sae big an' bluff ?
 Is't an attending menzie ?
 Or fifty dishes on your table ?
 Or fifty horses in your stable ?
 Or heaps o' glancing cunzie ?

Are these the things thou ca's thysell ?
 Come, vain gigantic shadow, tell ;
 If thou say'st yes—I'll shaw

Thy picture—Mean's thy silly mind,
Thy wit's a croil, thy judgment blind,
An' love worth nought ava.

TO MR. JOHN GAY,

*On hearing her Grace the Duchess of Queensberry
commend some of his Poems.*

To thee frae edge o' Pentland height,
Where fawns an' fairies tak delight,
An' revel a' the livelang night,
O'er glens an' braes,
A bard that has the second sight
Thy fortune spaes.

Come, shaw your loof—Ay, there's the line
 Fortells thy verse shall ever shine,
 Daunted, whilst living, by the Nine,
 An' a' the best,
 An' be, when past the mortal line,
 Of fame possest.

Immortal Pope, an' skilfu' John,*
 The learned Leach from Caledon,
 Wi' mony a witty dame an' don,
 O'er lang to name,
 Are of your roundels very son',
 An' sound your fame.

An' sae do I, wha roose but few,
 Which nae sma' favour is to you ;
 For to my friends I stand right true,
 Wi' shanks aspar :
 An' my guid word (ne'er gi'en but due)
 Gangs unco far.

Her mettled men my muse maintain,
 An' ilka beauty is my frien' :
 Which keeps me canty, brisk, an' bien,
 Ilk wheeling hour,
 An' a sworn fae to hatefu' spleen,
 An' a' that's sour.

But bide ye, boy, the main's to say,
 Clarinda, bright as rising day,

* Dr. Arbuthnot.

Divinely bonny, great, an' gay,
 Of thinking ever,
 Whase words, an' looks, an' smiles, display
 Full views of heaven.

To rumage nature for what's braw,
 Like lilies, roses, gems, an' snaw,
 Compar'd wi' her's, their lustre fa',
 An' bauchly tell
 Her beauties ; she excels them a',
 An's like hersell.

As fair a form as e'er was blest,
 To hae an angel for a guest ;
 Happy the prince who is possest,
 O' sic a prize,
 Whase virtues place her wi' the best
 Beneath the skies.

O sonsy Gay ! this heav'ly born,
 Whom ev'ry grace strives to adorn,
 Looks not upon thy lays wi' scorn :
 Then bend thy knees,
 An' bless the day that ye was born
 Wi' arts to please.

She says thy sonnet smoothly sings,
 Sae ye may craw an' clap your wings.
 An' smile at ethercapit stings
 Wi' careless pride,
 When sae much wit an' beauty brings
 Strength to your side.

Lilt up your pipes, an' rise aboon
 Your Trivia an' your muirland tune,
 An' sing Clarinda late an' soon,
 In tow'ring strains,
 Till gratefu' gods cry out, Weel done,
 An' praise thy pains.

Exalt thy voice, that all around
 May echo back the lovely sound,
 Frae Dover cliffs, wi' samphire crown'd,
 To Thule's shore,
 Where northward no more Britain's found,
 But seas that roar.

Thus sing—while I frae Arthur's height,
 O'er Chiviot glowr wi' tired sight,
 An' langing wish, like raving wight,
 To be set down
 Frae coach an' sax, baith trim an' tight,
 In London town.

But lang I'll gove an' bleer my ee,
 Before, alake ! that sight I see ;
 Then, best relief, I'll strive to be
 Quiet an' content,
 An' streek my limbs down easily
 Upon the bent.

There sing the gowans, broom, an' trees,
 The crystal burn an' westlin breeze,

The bleeting flocks an' bisy bees,
 An' blythsome swains,
 Wha rant an' dance, wi' kiltit knees,
 O'er mossy plains.

Fareweel—but e'er we part, let's pray,
 God save Clarinda night an' day,
 An' grant her a' she'd wish to hae,
 Withouten end!—
 Nae mair at present I've to say,
 But I'm your friend.

TO ROBERT YARDE, Esq., OF DEVONSHIRE.

FRAE northern mountains clad wi' snaw,
 Where whistling winds incessant blaw,
 In time now when the curling-stane,
 Slides murmuring o'er the icy plain,
 What sprightly tale in verse can Yarde
 Expect frae a cauld Scottish bard,
 Wi' brose an' bannocks poorly fed,
 In hoddan grey right hashly cled,
 Skelping o'er frozen hags wi' pingle,
 Picking up peets to beet his ingle:
 While sleet, that freezes as it fa's,
 Thecks as wi' glass the divot wa's
 Of a laigh hut, where sax thegither
 Lie heads an' throws on craps o' heather.

Thus, Sir, o' us the story gaes,
 By our mair dull an' scornfu' faes ;
 But let them tauk an' gouks believe,
 While we laugh at them in our sleeve ;
 For we, nor barbarous nor rude,
 Ne'er want guid wine to warm our bluid ;
 Hae tables crown'd—and heartsome beils,
 An' can in Cunnin's, Don's, or Steil's,
 Be serv'd as plenteously an' civil,
 As you in London at the Devil.
 You, Sir, yoursell, wha cam an' saw,
 Own'd that we wanted nougnt at a',
 To mak us as content a nation
 As ony is in the creation.

This point premis'd, my canty muse
 Cocks up her crest without excuse,
 An' scorns to screen her natural flaws,
 Wi' *ifs*, an' *but*s, an' dull *because* ;
 She pukes her pens, an' aims a flight
 Thro' regions of internal light,
 Frae fancy's field, these truths to bring
 That you should hear, an' she should sing.

Lang syne, when love an' innocence
 Were human nature's best defence,
 Ere party jars made lawtith less,
 By cloathing't in a monkish dress ;
 Then poets shaw'd these ev'nly roads,
 That lead to dwellings o' the gods.
 In these dear days, weel kend to fame,
Divini vates was their name :

It was, and is, and shall be ay,
While they move in fair virtue's way.
Tho' rarely we to stipends reach,
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe me, Sir, the nearest way
To happiness, is to be gay ;
For spleen indulg'd will banish rest
Far frae the bosoms o' the best ;
Thousands a year's no worth a prin,
Whene'er this fashious guest gets in :
But a fair competent estate
Can keep a man frae looking blate,
Sae eithly it lays to his hand
What his just appetites demand.
Wha has, an' can enjoy, O wow !
How smoothly may his minutes flow :
A youth thus blest wi' manly frame,
Enliven'd wi' a lively flame,
Will ne'er wi' sordid pinch controul
The satisfaction o' his soul.
Poor is that mind, ay discontent,
That canna use what God has lent ;
But envious girns at a' he sees,
That are a crown richer than he's ;
Which gars him pitifully hane,
An' hell's ase-middens rake for gain ;
Yet never ken's a blythsome hour—
Is ever wanting, ever sour.

Yet ae extreme should never make
A man the gowden mean forsake,

It shaws as much a shallow mind,
An' ane extravagantly blind,
If careless o' his future fate,
He daftly wastes a good estate,
An' never thinks till thoughts are vain,
An' can afford him nought but pain.
Thus will a joiner's shavings bleeze,
Their low will for some seconds please ;
But soon the glaring leam is past,
An' cauldrie darkness follows fast :
While slaw the faggots large expire,
An' warm us wi' a lasting fire.
Then neither, as I ken ye will,
Wi' idle fears your pleasures spill ;
Nor wi' neglecting prudent care,
Do skaith to your succeeding heir :
Thus steering cannily thro' life,
Your joys shall lasting be an' rife.
Gie a' your passions room to reel,
As lang as reason guides the wheel :
Desires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,
When they harmoniously keep time :
But when they spang o'er reason's fence,
We smart for't at our ain expence :
To recreate us we're allow'd,
But gaming deep boils up the blood,
An' gars ane, as groom-porters, lan
The Being that made him a man,
When his fair gardens, house, an' lands,
Are sa'n amang the sharper's hands.

A cheerfu' bottle soothes the mind,
 Gars carles grow canty, free, an' kind ;
 Defeats our care, an' heals our strife,
 An' brawly oils the wheels o' life :
 But when just quantum we transgress,
 Our blessing turns the quite reverse :

To love the bonny smiling fair,
 Nane can their passions better ware ;
 Yet love is kittle and unruly,
 An' shou'd move tentily an' hooly ;
 For if it get o'er meikle head,
 'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead :
 O'er ilka hedge it wildly bounds,
 An' grazes on forbidden grounds ;
 Where constantly, like furies, range
 Poortith, diseases, death, revenge.

Then wale a virgin worthy you,
 Worthy your love an' nuptial vow ;
 Syne frankly range o'er a' her charms,
 Drink deep of joy within her arms ;
 Be still delighted wi' her breast,
 An' on her love wi' rapture feast.

May she be blooming, saft, an' young,
 Wi' graces melting frae her tongue ;
 Prudent, an' yielding to maintain
 Your love, as weel as you her ain.

Thus, wi' your leave, Sir, I've made free
 To gie advice to ain can gie
 As guid again—But, as Mess John
 Said, whan the sand tauld time was done,

“ Ha'e patience, my dear friends, a wee,
An' tak anither glass frae me ;
An' if ye think there's doublets due,
I shanna bauk the like frae you.”

TO MR. WILLIAM STARRAT.

FRAE fertile fields, where nae curs'd ethers creep,
To stang the herds that in rash-busses sleep ;
Frae where Saint Patrick's blessings freed the bogs
Frae taidis, an' asks, an' ugly creeping frogs ;
Welcome to me's the sound of Starrat's pipe,
Welcome, as westlin winds, or berries ripe,
When speeling up the hill, the dog-days' heat
Gars a young thirsty shepherd pant an' sweat :
Thus, while I climb the muses' mount wi' care,
Sic friendly praises gi'e refreshing air.
O ! may the lasses looe thee for thy pains,
An' may thou lang breathe healsome o'er the plains ;
Lang may'st thou teach, wi' round an' nooked lines,
Substantial skill, that's worth rich siller mines ;
To shaw how wheels can gang wi' greatest ease,
An' what kind barks sail smoothest o'er the seas ;
How wind-mills shou'd be made—an' how they wurk
The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk—
How wedges rive the aik—how pullisees
Can list on highest roofs the greatest trees—
Rug frae its roots the craig o' Edinbrugh castle,

As easily as I cou'd break my whistle—
 What pleugh fits a wet soil, an' whilk the dry,
 An' mony a thousand usefu' things forbye.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to sing,
 When round ane's lugs the blattran hailstanes ring ;
 But feckfu' fonk can front the bauldest wind,
 An' slunk thro' muirs, an' never fash their mind.
 Aft hae I waid thro' glens wi' chorking feet,
 When neither plaid nor kilt cou'd send the weet ;
 Yet blythly wad I bang out o'er the brae,
 An' stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,
 Hoping the morn might prove a better day.
 Then let's to lairds an' ladies leave the spleen,
 While we can dance an' whistle o'er the green.
 Mankind's account o' guid an' ill's a jest,
 Fancy's the rudder, an' content's a feast.

Dear Friend o' mine, ye but o'er meikle roose
 The lowly mints o' my poor muirland muse,
 Wha looks but blate, when even'd to ither twa
 That lull'd the de'il or bigg'd the Theban wa' ;
 But trowth 'tis natural for us a' to wink
 At our ain faults, an' praises frankly drink :
 Fair fa' ye then, an' may your flocks grow rife,
 An' may nae elf twin Crummy o' her life.

The sun shines sweetly, a' the lilt looks blue,
 O'er glens hing hov'ring clouds o' rising dew ;
 Maggy, the bonniest lass o' a' our town,
 Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,
 I hae a tryst wi' her, an' maun away,
 Then ye'll excuse me till anither day,

When I've mair time ; for shortly I'm to sing
Some dainty sangs that sal round Crochan ring.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, POET.

SIR, I had yours, and own my pleasure
On the receipt exceeded measure.
You write with so much sp'it an' glee,
Sae smooth, sae strong, correct, an' free,
That any he (by you allow'd
To have some merit) may be proud.
If that's my fau't, bear you the blame,
Wha've lent me sic a list to fame.
Your ain tow'rs high, an' widens far,
Bright, glancing like a first-rate star.
An' a' the warld bestow due praise
On the collection o' your lays ;
Where various arts an' turns combine,
Which even in parts first poets shine.
Like Mat an' Swift ye sing wi' ease,
An' can be Waller whan you please.
Continue, Sir, an' shame the crew
That's plagu'd with having nought to do,
Wha fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd wi' gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aspiring wit ;
Sic ken na how t' employ thair time,

An' think activity a crime :
Aught they to either do, or say,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray !
When money, their Factotum's able
To furnish them a numerous rabble,
Wha will, for daily drink an' wages,
Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, an' pages ?
Could they, like you, employ their hours
In planting these delightful flowers,
Which carpet the poetic fields,
An' lasting funds o' pleasure yields ?
Nae mair they'd gaunt an' gove away,
Or sleep, or loiter out the day,
Or waste the night, damning their sauls,
In deep debauch, an' bawdy brawls :
Whence pox an' poverty procced
An earlie eild, an' spirits dead.
Reverse o' you ; an' him you love,
Whose brighter spirit tow'rs above
The mob o' thoughtless lords an' beaux,
Wha in his ilka action shows
" True friendship, love, benevolence,
Unstudied wit, an' manly sense."
Allow here what you've said yoursell,
Nought can b' exprest so just an' well :
To him an' her, worthy his love,
An' every blessing from above,
A son is given, God save the boy,
For theirs an ev'ry Som'rile's joy.
Ye wardens, round him tak your place,

An' raise him with each manly grace ;
Make his meridian virtues shine,
To add fresh lustres to his line :
An' many may the mother see
O' sic a lovely progeny.

Now, sir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
Hail, snaw, an' sleet frae blacken'd clouds ;
While Caledonia's hills are green,
An' a' her straths delight the een ;
While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
An' a' the year its beauty shows ;
Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your northern tour ?
Be sure of welcome ; nor believe
These wha an ill report wad give
To E'nburgh an' the Land o' Cakes,
That nought what's necessary lacks.
Here Plenty's goddess frae her horn
Pours fish an' cattle, claith an' corn,
In blyth abundance ;—an' yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.
Nor will North Britain yield for fouth
O' ilka thing, an' fellows couth,
To ony but her sister South.
True, rugged roads are cursed dreigh,
An' speats aft roar frae mountains heigh :
The body tires,—poor tott'ring clay,
An' likes wi' ease at hame to stay ;
While sauls stride warlds at ilka stend,
An' can their wid'ning views extend.

Mine sees you, while you cheerfu' roam
On sweet Avona's flow'ry howm,
There, recollecting, with full view,
Those follies which mankind pursue ;
While, conscious o' superior merit,
You rise with a correcting spirit ;
An' as an agent o' the gods,
Lash them wi' sharp satyric rods ;
Labour divine !—Next, for a change,
O'er hill an' dale i see you range
After the fox or whiddin' hare,
Confirming health in purest air ;
While joy frae heights an' dales resounds,
Rais'd by the holo, horn, an' hounds :
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chase out-run,
I see the friend, an' setting sun,
Invite you to the temp'rate bicker,
Which makes the blood an' wit flow quicker.
The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,
'To save your health by sleeping sound.
Thus with cool head an' healsome breast,
You see new day stream frae the east :
Then all the muses round you shine,
Inspiring ev'ry thought divine ;
Be lang their aid—Your years an' blisses,
Your servant, ALLAN RAMSAY, wishes.

TO DOCTOR BOSWELL.

(With the two volumes of my Poems.)

THESE are the flowings from my quill
When in my youthful days
I scamper'd o'er the Muses' hill
And panted after praise.

Ambitious to appear in print
My labour was delight,
Regardless of the envious squint
Or growling critic's spite.

While those of the best taste and sense
Indulged my native fire,
It blazed by their benevolence
And heaved my genius higher.

Dear Doctor Boswell, such were they
Resembled much by you,
Whose favours were the genial ray
By which to fame I grew.

From my first setting out in rhyme
Near forty years have wheel'd ;
Like Israel's sons, so long a time
Through fancy's wiles I've reel'd.

May powers propitious by me stand,
Since it is all my claim--
As they enjoyed their promised land,
May I my promised fame.

While blytheness then on health attends,
 And love on beauties young,
 My merry tales shall have their friends,
 My sonnets shall be sung.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

From my Bower on the Castle Bank of Edinburgh
March the 10th, 1747.

FROM AN EPISTLE FROM PENNYCUIK.

(*To a friend in the City.*)

COME, rouse ye from your dozing dreams,
 And view with me the golden beams
 Which Phoebus ilka morning pours
 Upon our plains adorned with flow'rs.
 With me thro' howms and meadows stray
 Where wimpling waters make their way ;
 Here fra the aiks and elms around
 You'll hear the saft melodious sound
 Of a' the quiristers on high,
 Whase notes re-echo thro' the sky,
 Better than concerts in your town,
 Yet do not cost you half-a-crown.
 Here blackbirds, mavises, and linnets
 Excel your fiddles, flutes, and spinnets.
 Our jetty rooks e'en far excels
 Your strim-strams and your jingling bells,

As do the cloven-footed tribes
And rustics whistling o'er the glybes.

This is the life poets have sung,
Wish'd for, my friend, by auld and young ;
By all who would heaven's favour share :
Where least ambition, least of care,
Disturbs the mind.

TO JOHN WARDLAW.*

My worthy friend, I here conjure ye
By the respect I ever bure ye,
Ye'll let me ken by your neist letter
Why ye hae been sae lang my debtor.
I chairge ye by the royal names
Fra Fergus first to octave James,
As loyalty you still exprest
To mind your friend when he's distrest,—
Distrest, wi' little trading gawin
And the dreich income of what's awin,
The curst peremptor, London bills,
That, gif return'd, our credit kills.
Then there's the necessars of life,
That crave, fra him that has a wife,

* Factor to the laird of Gartshore, and accustomed to pay annually to Ramsay the interest on a bond for £200, due to our poet by the laird. This was written in 1736, about the time of the theatre collapse.

House-haldin' baith in milk and meal
And mutton, beef, and shanks o' veal ;
Wi', now and then, care aff to syne,
A snecker, or a waucht o' wine ;
Then, that the getlins be na fules,
They maun be halden at the schules.
All these require the ready doun
Fra us wha live in burrowstoun,
That neither hae nor barn, nor byre,
Washing, nor eldin for the fire ;
Nor sheep, nor swine, nor hens, nor geese,
Nor sarking lint, nor claithing fleece.
Unless that Dubbies-land be stakit
By us, we e'en may strut stark nakit
And sterve ; while ye jouk upo' lands,
Have ilka think laid to your hands
Of whatso'er ye stand in need
Of your ain growth and your ain breed.
Fra udders of your kine and ewes
Your cream, your cheese, your butter flows ;
Your eggs and chickens (best o' fare)
Are yours, withouten ony care ;
The nursing hen asks nae mair pay
Than only what ye fling away ;
Whene'er ye like ye cram your creels
Wi' trouts and pikes and carps and eels ;
Horse-laids o' fruit bob on your trees,
The honey's brocht you by the bees ;
Roots for your pot you hae in plenty
Wi' artichokes and bow-kail dainty ;

For grice and gaislings, calves and lamb,
 Ye've mickle mair than can ye cram ;
 Your bannocks grow upon your strae,
 Your barley brings you usquebae.
 From what I've said it's eith to prove
 Ye shouldna filthy lucre love ;
 What use for cash hae landwart lairds,
 Unless to play 't at dice or cairds ?
 If useless in your pouch, 't wears less
 Until it grows as smooth as gless.
 Now, since it obvious is, and plain,
 That coin sae worthless is and vain,
 Wi' such as you, let me advise ye
 Ne'er let regairds for it entice ye,
 To haud your hands ower hard aboot it ;
 And, since we canna fend without it,
 Pray gaither 't up, white, yellow, brown,
 And pack it in to our poor town.

Now either do this same fra hand,
 Or keep it, and gie us the land.
 Before your een set wicked Tray
 That barking sat upon the strae,
 Yet couldna mak a meal o' meat o't,
 Nor wadna let poor pownie eat o't.
 Wad ye to what I say agree,
 Ye soon wad ken what drinkers dree.

Thus far, Sir, I have merry been,
 As a sworn enemy to spleen,
 And hearty friends, like us, weel ken,

There's nocht ill said that's no ill ta'en.
 My proper view ye'll eithly find
 Was mainly to put you in mind ;
 I wad be vext were ye unkind.
 But never having reason gien,
 I hope ye're still what ye have been,
 As you in mony ways did show it,
 The friend and patron of your poet.

A. R.

TO JAMES CLERK OF PENNYCUIK.

BLYTHE may we be, wha o'er the haugh,
 All free o' care, can sing and laugh ;
 Whase owsen lunges o'er a plain
 Of wide extent that's a' his ain.
 No humdrum fears need break his rest
 Wha's not with debts and duns opprest ;
 Wha has enough, e'en tho' it's little,
 If it can ward fra dangers kittle,
 That chiels, fated to skelp vile dubs thro'
 For living are obliged to rub thro',
 To fend by trokin', buyin', sellin'—
 The profit aft's no worth the tellin'.
 When after, in an honest way,
 We've gained by them that timely pay,
 In comes a customer, looks big,
 Looks generous, and scorns to prig,
 Buys heartily, bids mark it down--

He'll clear before he leaves the town ;
Which tho' they say, they ne'er intend it ;
We're bitten sair, but canna mend it.
A year wheels round, we hing aboot—
He's sleepin', or he's just gane oot :
If caught, he glooms like ony deevil,
Swears braid, and ca's us damned unceevil ;
Or else oor doitit lugs abuses
Wi' a ratrime of cant excuses ;
And promises they'll stoutly ban to
Whilk they have ne'er a mind to stan' to.
As lang's their credit hads the feet o'i,
They hound it round to seek the meat o't,
Till jointly we begin to gaud them,
And Enbrugh grows owre het to had them ;
Then aff they to the country scowp,
An' reave us baith o' cash an' howp.
Syne we, the lovers o' fair dealing,
Wha deem ill payment next to stealing,
Rin wood with care how we shall pay
Oor bills against the destined day ;
For lame excuse the banker scorns,
And terrifies with caps and horns ;
Nae trader stands of trader awe,
But gars him nolens volens draw.
'Tis hard to be laigh poortith's slave,
And like a man of worth behave.
Wha creeps beneath a lade o' care,
When interest points, he's gleg an' gare,
An' will at naething stap or stand

That reiks him oot a helping hand.
But here, dear sir, do not mistake me,
As if grace did sae far forsake me,
As to allege that all poor fellows,
Unblest wi' wealth, deserv'd the gallows.
Na, God forbid that I should spell
Sae vile a fortune to mysel !
Tho' born to no ae inch o' ground,
I keep my conscience white an' sound ;
An', tho' I ne'er was a rich heaper,
To mak that up I live the cheaper ;
By this ae knack I've made a shift
To drive ambitious care a-drift ;
And now, in years and sense grown auld,
In ease I like my limbs to fauld.
Debts I abhor, an' plan to be
Fra shochlin' trade an' danger free,
That I may, loos'd fra care an' strife,
With calmness view the edge o' life,
And when a full ripe age shall crave
Slide easily into my grave.
Now seventy years are o'er my head,
And thirty mae may lay me dead ;
Should dreary care then stunt my muse
And gar me aft her jog refuse ?
Sir, I have sung, and yet may sing,
Sonnets that o'er the dales may ring,
And in gash glee couch moral saw,
Reese virtue and keep vice in awe,
Mak villainy look black an' blue,

And give distinguished worth its due :
Fix its immortal fame in verse
That men till doomsday shall rehearse !

I have it even within my power
The very kirk itsel to scower—
And that you'll say 's a brag richt bauld ;
But didna Lyndsay this of auld ?
Sir David's satires helped our nation
To carry on the Reformation,
And gave the scarlet dame a box
Mair snell than all the pelts of Knox.

Thus far, sir, with no mean design,
To you I've pourëd out my min',
And sketched you forth the toil and pain
Of them that have their bread to gain
With cares laborious, that you may
In your blest sphere be ever gay,
Enjoying life with all the spirit
That your good sense and virtues merit.
Adieu ! And may ye 's happy be
As ever shall be wished by me,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

May 9, 1755.

GLOSSARY.

ABEET, albeit	Bedoun, a-down
Aboon, above	Beft, beat
A-char, a-jar, a-wry	Begoud, began
Aiblins, perhaps	Begrutten, stained with tears
Aik, oak	Beik, bask
Air, early	Beild, shelter
Ambrie, cupboard	Bein, comfortable
Aneu, enough	Beet, beit, warm, repair, help
Arles, earnest-money	Bellyflaught, flying all abroad
Ase, ashes	Beltan, May day
Asteer, astir	Belzie, Beelzebub
Attour, out-over	Bend, drink
Auld-farren, shrewd	Ben, in; the inner room of a house
Aynd, breath	Bensell, blow, force
BACK-SEY, sirloin	Bent, coarse grass; open field
Baudrans, cat	Between hands, occasionally
Baid, abode	Beuk, baked
Balen, whalebone	Bicker, wooden platter
Bang, band	Bigg, build
Bangster, blusterer	Biggonet, linen cap
Bannock, barley cake, or scon	Billy, brother; youth
Barlikhood, fit of drunken passion	Bink, bench
Batts, colic	Bire, byar, cow-houise
Bauch, wanting 'go'; sorry	Birle, spend in drinking
Bawbee, baby; half-penny	Birn, burn
Bawk, rafter; strip of land	Birrens, birns, stems of burnt shrubs
Bawsy, bawsand, having a white stripe down face	Birr, force; noise of flying swiftly
Bawty, common name for a sheep-dog	Bittle, beetle, wooden mallet
Be, by	Black-a-viced, of a dark complexion
Bedeen, at once	Blae, bluish
	Blatnum, beguile

Blate, bashful
 Blawart, a blue wild-flower
 Blether, foolish talk
 Blin, cease
 Boast, scold
 Boak, boke, retch
 Boal, bole, small recess in wall
 Bodin, provided ; offered
 Bodword, an ominous message
 Bogle-bo, goblin
 Bonny-walys, pretty toys
 Boss, empty, hollow
 Bouk, bulk
 Bountith, charity ; alms
 Bourd, jest
 Bouse, drink
 Bowt, bolt
 Brander, gridiron
 Brands, calves of the legs ; brawn
 Brang, brought
 Brankan, prancing
 Branks, wooden curb
 Branny, brandy
 Brattle, quick race ; fury
 Brats, coarse aprons
 Braw, brave ; fine
 Brecken, fern
 Brent, smooth
 Brig, bridge
 Briss, press ; bruise
 Brock, badger
 Bro', broth
 Brochan, porridge
 Brownies, fairy drudges
 Browster, brewer
 Brulzient, broil
 Buckie, shell ; a cross-grained fellow
 Buff, nonsense
 Bught, fold in which the ewes are milked
 Bumbazed, confused
 Bummle, bungle

Burd-alane, bird alone
 Bung, tipsy
 Busk, dress, deck
 Bustine, fustian
 But, without, or wanting
 Bykes, hives
 CADGE, carry
 Callan, boy
 Camsho, cross, crooked
 Canny, mild, inoffensive
 Cant, tell merry tales
 Cantrips, incantations
 Canty, cheerful
 Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natured
 Carle, old man
 Carline, old woman
 Cathel, caudle
 Cauldrife, spiritless
 Cauler, cool and fresh
 Cawk, chalk
 Cawsy, causeway : street
 Chafts, cheeks ; chops
 Chapin, chopin : a measure
 Chanler, candlestick
 Chiel, fellow
 Chirm, chirp and sing
 Chucky, chicken ; hen
 Clashes, chat ; idle talk
 Claught, caught, clawed
 Claver, speak nonsense
 Cleck, hatch
 Cleugh, a rocky hollow
 Cloit, fall soft
 Clour, lump raised by a blow
 Clute, hoof
 Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair when it is tied up in a knot
 Cod, pillow
 Coft, bought
 Cog, wooden dish
 Coof, stupid, or cowardly fellow

Cogle, shake unsteadily	Dule or dool, goal, as in football ; also grief
Corbie, raven	Dorty, proudly displeased and not to be spoken to
Couthy, affably, frank	Dosend, cold and powerless
Cowed, cut	Dought, could, availe
Cowp, turn over : fall ; also exchange, or barter ; also a company	Douks, ducks, dives
Crack, chat	Dour, hard, obstinate
Creepy, low stool	Douse, grave, quiet
Croil, hunchback, dwarf	Dow, can, thrive ; dove
Crouse, bold, pert	Dow'd, withered, deal, flat
Crummy, cow	Dowf-an'-dowie, spiritless and sickly
Cruve, hut	Dree, suffer, endure
Cryne, shrink	Dreigh, slow, reluctant
Cudeigh, present	Drouket, drenched
Culzie, entice, flatter	Dub, shallow muddy pool
Cun, taste, or learn	Duds, rags
Cunzie, coin	Dung, driven ; overcome ; beaten
Curn, small lot	Dynles, trembles
Cursche, curtchea, kerchief	Dyvour, bankrupt
Cutled, used persuasive arts for obtaining love or friendship	
Cuttie, short	EARD, earth
DAD, to knock ; father	Eild, old age
Dails, deals, planks	Eildeens, of same age
Daft, foolish, mad	Eith, easy
Daffin, foliy, fun	Elritch, wild and uncanny
Dang, beat	Elson, awl
Darn, hide	Ergh, to be scrupulous ; hesitate through fear
Dawty, darling ; one doated on	Ether, adder
Dees, deys, dairymaids	Ethercap, spider, or venomous creature
Diced, woven in squares	Ettle, aim
Dink, prim	Even'd, compared
Dinna, do not	Evite, shun, avoid
Dirl, smart ; tremble	Eydent, diligent
Dit, stop up	
Divot, thin turf	FA', trap
Doilt, confused, and silly as if through tire	Facing-tools, drinking pots
Doited, crazy as with age	Fadge, coarse roll
Doll, dole, supply	Fae, foe
Doofart, dull fellow	Fail, fiel, turf
	Fair-fa', good fortune befall

Fait, neat	Furlet, four pecks
Fash, trouble	Gab, mouth ; to prate
Faugh-rigs, fallow-land	Gadge, dictate imperiously
Faught, fight	Gawfaw, loud laughter
Fause, false	Gait, goat
Feck, quantity	Gantrees, ale-barrel stand
Feckfou, able	Gar, make
Feckless, feeble	Gash, sagacious
Feed, feud, quarrel	Gaunt, yawn
Fen', shift	Gaw, to be galled, offended
Ferlie, wonder	Gawd, goad, or rod
Fern-zier, last year	Gawky, idle staring fool
'File, defile	Gawsy, jolly, buxom
Fireflaught, fire-flash	Geed, gade, went
Fit-sted, foot-print	Get, a child
Flaughter, to cut turf	Gillygawpus, silly fool
Flaw, to lie ; a lie	Gilpy, roguish youth
Fleech, flatter	Gimmer, young ewe
Fleg, fright	Gin, gif, if
Flet, flyte, scolded, scold	Girn, grin ; snare
Fleegeries, gewgaws	Glaikit, foolish, wanton
Flewet, smart blow	Glar, mire ; mud
Fley, affrighten	Glee, squint
Fog, moss	Gleg, sharp
Foordays, fair daylight	Glunch, grumble
Forbye, besides	Goss, person
Forebears, ancestors	Goolie, knife
Forfairn, overcome with fatigue	Gorlings, young and unfledged [birds]
Forfoughten, forfairn	Gove, stare
Forgather, meet	Gowans, daisies
Forleet, forsake	Gowf, golf
Fou', full ; drunk	Gowk, cuckoo
Fouth, abundance	Gousty, large, waste and ghastly
Fow-weel, full well	Graith, furniture, or harness
Fozy, spongy	Graith, soap-suds
Fraise, noise ; to-do	Green, grien, long for
Freath, froth	Grieve, bailiff
Freik, impertinent fellow	Growf, lie flat ; belly
Freinit, foreign, strange	Gryse, pig
Furder, prosper	(Kail) Gully, cabbage-knife
Furthy, forward, frank, cheerful	Gumption, good sense
Fuishi, fetched	Gurly, rough, cold
Fyke, be restless	Gut-cher, good-sire, grandfather

Gusty, savoury	Howk, dig
Gysened, shrunk with dryness	Howtowdy, young hen
Gytlings, young children	Hurkle, crouch
Gye-an-early, rather early	Hyt, mad
Gyte, crazy	Hyt-an'-gare, mad and avaricious
Had, haud, hold	JAW, gush of water
Haffet, cheek ; side of head	Jaup, a dash of water
Hain, save	Jee, incline to one side
Hale, whole, healthy ; to heal	Jimp, slender
Half-an'-half, half-drunk	Jip, gipsy
Hallan, hall-en', partition, or screen	Ilka, each, every
Hally, haly, holy	Ingan, onion
Earl, drag	Inginge, genius
Harnis, brains	Ingle, fireside
Harship, mischance	Jo, sweetheart
Hash, a slovenly person	Jockteleg, fold-knife
Haverel, a chatterer	Jouk, duck down
Havins, sense, and good-breeding	Irie, eerie, fearful
Hanslock, neck-tress of wool	I'se, I shall
Hawky, white-faced cow	Isles, aisles, embers
Hawse, hause, throat	Jute, sour drink
Hecht, promised ; a promise	KABER, rafter
Heepy, fool, a soft person	Kain, part of farm-rent paid in fowls
Heeze, lift up	Kame, comb
Heftit, domiciled	Kebuck, cheese
Hempy, a roguish fellow	Kedgy, cadgy, happy, cheerful
Herreit, harried, ruined	Keek, peep
Hirple, cripple	Keel, red chalk
Hirsle, to move with a rustling noise ; herd of cattle	Kelt, coarse cloth with the nap long
Ho, single stocking	Kemp, to strive to do most (Sc. reapers)
Hobbleshew, racket, noise	Kent, shepherd's long staff
Hodden-grey, coarse grey cloth	Kopp, catch and hold
Hog, two-year-old sheep	Kimmer, cummer, female gossip
Hool, husk	Kitchen, anything eaten with bread or potatoes, as meat, cheese, etc.
Hoolie, slowly	Kittle, difficult ; to tickle
Host, cough	
Hought, legged	
Howdered, hidden	
Howdy, mid-wife	
Bowtf, haunt	

Knacky, ingenious (in small things)	Loof, leaf of hand, palm
Knoit, knap	Looms, lumes, tools, utensils
Knowe, knoll	Loot, let
Knublock, knob of wood	Lowan, flaming
Kow, wirri-kow, cow, goblin	Lown, calm
Ky, kine, cows	Lout, stoop
Kyth, appear	Lucken, locked, closed
Kyte, belly	Lucky, granny
 LADREN, ladrone, sloven, thief	Luggie, dish with one handle, or ear
Laids, loads	Lum, chimney
Laigh, low	Lurdane, blockhead
Laits, manners, ways	Lure, rather
Lak, reproach, undervalue	Lyart, grey
Landart, landwart, rustic	 MAIDEN, guillotine
Lang-kail, coleworts not shorn	Maik, match
Lap, leapt	Mailen, farm
Lappeder, clotted	Maksna, makes nothing, is of no consequence
Lair, lare, bog	Mank, want
Lave, what's left, the remainder	Mant, stammer
Lawin, tavern bill	Maws, stomachs
Lawty, lawtith, justice, loyalty	Marrow, mate, companion
Leal, loyal, true	Mean, moan ; lament for
Leam, flame	Meith, limit, sign
Lear, learning ; to learn	Mennin, minnow
Leen, cease	Mense, discretion
Leglin, a one-handled milk-pail	Menzie, men attendants
Leman, sweetheart	Messen, small dog
Letter-gae, precentor	Midden, dunghill
Lift, sky	Minn, modest, prim
Limmer, woman of loose manners	Mint, aim, try
Lin, waterfall	Mirk, dark
Ling, walk with long steps	Mislushious, malicious
Linkan, walking smartly	Mools, grave mould
Link, wrinkle, fold	Monp, eat with lips
Lith, joint ; listen	Mow, a heap (Sc. hay) ; mock
Loan, grass path leading to pasture land	Murgullied, mismanage, spoil
Looe, looe, love	Mutch, close white cap for women
	Mutchkin, a measure (pint)
	NEESE, nose
	Nevels, blows of fist

Nick, <i>slang for</i> drink heartily	Prive, prove, taste
Niest, nearest, next	Propine, gift
Niffer, exchange	
Niffnaffan, trifling	QUEGH, queff, wooden drink-ing cup
Nignays, trifles	Quat quit
Nip, bit, bite, pinch	Quey, young cow
Nithered, half-starved	
Nieve, fist	RACKLESS, reckless
Nowte, nolt, cattle	Raffan, roving, merry
Nuckle, newcal, new calved	Raird, loud sound
OE, grandchild	Rack, rook, reek, or mist
Or, ere, before	Rape, rope
Ora, orra, anything over what's needful	Rat-ryme, ryme said by rote
Orp, to sob and weep	Rax, stretch
Owk, week	Ream, cream
Owrelay, over-lay, cravat	Redd, unravel, cleared up separated
Owsen, oxen	Rede, counsel
Oxter, armpit	Reese, extol
PAIK, beat ; stroke	Reest, smoke-dry
Pang, press, cram	Reif, rapine
Pasement, livery lace	Rife, plenty
Pash, head	Rift, belch
Paughty, proud, haughty	Rigging, back ; roof-ridge
Pawky, sly with no bad design	Rock, distaff
Pech, pegh, pant	Roove, rivet
Pensy, conceited	Rottan, rat
Perquire, by heart (Fr.)	Rowt, roar (<i>Sc. bulls</i>)
Pig, earthenware vessel	Rowth, plenty
Pingle, strive, work hard	Rug, tug
Pirn, spool, reel	Rungs, rough stout sticks
Plenishing, furniture	Rype, search, stir up
Poind, to distrain for rent	SAEBIENS, since it is
Popple, bubble	Saikless, guiltless, free
Poortith, poverty	Sained, blessed
Pou', pu', pull	Sairy, poor ; silly
Pouss, pouse, push	Sall, shall
Poutch, pouch	Sape, soap
Pow, poll, head	Sar, saur, savour
Powny, pony	Sark, shirt
Pret, trick	Saugh, willow
Prig, cheapen by importunity	Saul, soul
Prin, pin	Scaud, scold

Scaur, escarpment	Skyte, to fly out hastily
Scart, scratch	Slade,滑
Seawp, bare stony ground, scalp	Slate, sloven
Schois, she's	Slap, breach; pass
Seon, kind of bannock (<i>q. v.</i>)	Slee, sly
Scowp, leap about with free scope	Slid, smooth
Scowth, room, freedom	Sloken, slake
Seroggy, shrubby, rough	Slonk, mire
Seuds, <i>slang for ale</i>	Slot, door-bolt
Scunner, be disgusted	Smaik, pitiful rascal
Sel, sell, self	Smirk, smile
Seuch, sheugh, ditch	Smittle, infectious
Sey, try	Smoor, smother
Shan, silly, trifling	Snack, nimble
Shaw, plantation, forest	Sned, cut
Shawl, shallow	Snell, sharp
Shawps, empty husks	Snishing, snuff
Shellycoat, water-sprite	Snod, neat, tidy
Shiel, a shelter, cot	Snood, band for hair
Shire, shyre, clear, thin	Snool, dispirit by constant chiding
Shog, shake	Sonse, felicity
Shool, shovel	Sonsy, large and lusty
Shore, threaten, offer	Sorn, to sponge
Shotle, drawer	Soss, heavy soft sound
Sib, blood-related	Sowens, flummery
Sic, such	Sonter, cobbler
Siccar, sure, firm	Sowff, to con over a tune, on an instrument
Sike, a rill	Spae, foretell, divine
Siller, silver	Spain, wean
Sindle, seldom	Spate, flood
Sinsyne, since then	Spang, jump
Skail, spill, disperse	Spaul, shoulder
Skair, share	Spiel, climb
Skaith, hurt, loss	Speer, ask
Skeigh, skittish	Spelder, split; stretch out
Skelp, smite with open hand, or foot	Spenee, parlour, or pantry
Sklate, slate	Spulzie, spoil, booty
Skowry, ragged; showery and windy	Spraiings, stripes of different tints (<i>Sc. tartan</i>)
Skreed, rent; a long drink	Spring, tune on instrument
Skriegh, shriek	Sprush, spruee
Skybald, tatterdemalion	Spunk, tinder
	Stank, stagnant pool

Stark, robust	Tass, a cup, a dram
Starns, stars	Tate, small quantity
Staw, stole	Tawpie, a foolish wench
Stey, steep	Taz, taws, leather strap, used as a scourge
Steek, shut	Ted, scatter, or lay out
Stegh, cram	Tee, a little earth on which the golfer places his ball before striking off
Stend, spring suddenly	Teel, tiel, cultivate
Stent, stint; extend	Teet, peep
Stirk, bullock	Tent, care; to notice, attend to
Stock - and - horn, shepherd's pipe	Thairms, entrails; entrails
Stoit, stot, rebound	Theek, thatch
Stoor, rough, austere	Thieveless, unprofitable from want of energy; useless
Stou, to crop: a piece	Thig, beg, or borrow
Stonp, a measure; a pail	Thir, thaе, these, those
Stour, dust	Thole, endure
Stowth, stealth	Thrawart, cross
Strute, full; drunk	Thrawn-gabbit, wry-mouthed
Strunt, sulky fit	Threep, to keep on alleging
Studdy, anvil	Thud, blow
Sturdy, a giddy head; strong	Tift, good order; health
Sturt, trouble	Till, to
Styme, blink, glimpse	Tine, lose
Suddele, soil or sully	Tip, tippóny, a cheap ale
Sumple, blockhead	Tirr, uncover
Swankie, snapple young fellow	Tit, titty, sister
Swarf, swoon	Tocher, dowry
Swatch, pattern	Tod, fox
Swats, small ale	Tooly, tight
Swair, loth	Toom, empty
Swith, quickly	Toop, ram
Swither, hesitate	Tosh, comfortable
Sybo, small onion	Tosie, comfortably fuddled
Syke, runnel	To the fore, alive, existent
Syne, then	Touzle, crumple
TACK, lease	Tout, blow on horn
Taid, toad	Tow, rope
Tangs, tongs	Towin, tame
Taip, use sparingly	Towmond, twelve-month
Tappit-hen, a quart measure full of liquor with a foaming top. (Sc. the Scot's quart.)	Tree, a cask of liquor
Tarrow, to refuse what we want from crossness	Trig, neat

Troke, exchange	Whillywha, cheat
Tron, weighing place	Whindging, whining
Tryst, appointment	Whommel'd, turned upside down
Twyn, part with ; separated from	Wiltu? wilt thou?
Twall, twelve	Win, won, dwell
UG, hate	Winua, will not
Ugsome, hateful	Wisent, parched and withered
Virrle, ferrule, or ring	Withershins, motion against the sun, contrary
Vissy, view leisurely	Woo, oo, wool
Umquhile, late : of old	Wood, mad
Unco, uncouth, uncommon	Woody, withy, gallows, rope
Unsonsy, unlucky	Wordy, worthy
Vogie, young, vain, proud	Wow! wonderfu!
WAD, wager, would	Wyliecoat, wrapper, jacket
Wae, sad	Wysing, guiding
Waff, vagrant	Wyson, weasand, gullet
Wale, pick and choose	Wyte, blame
Wally, large, beautiful	YAMPH, bark of small dog
Wame, womb, belly	Yap, hungry
Wandought, impotent	Yed, contend, wrangle
Wangrace, wickedness	Yeld, barren
Wanter, a man who wants a wife	Yesk, hiccough
Waur, worse	Yett, gate
Warlock, wizard	Yestreen, yester-evening
Wat, know	Youdith, youthfulness
Waught, big drink	Yowl, yell, howl,
Waukin, watching	Youf, swinging blow
Wean, wee ane, little one	Yuke, itch
Weir, war	Yule, Christmas
Weird, fate, destiny	ZEIR, year
Weit, wet, rain	Zet, yet
Wersh, insipid	Zour, your, etc.
Whilk, which	Z often Y

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